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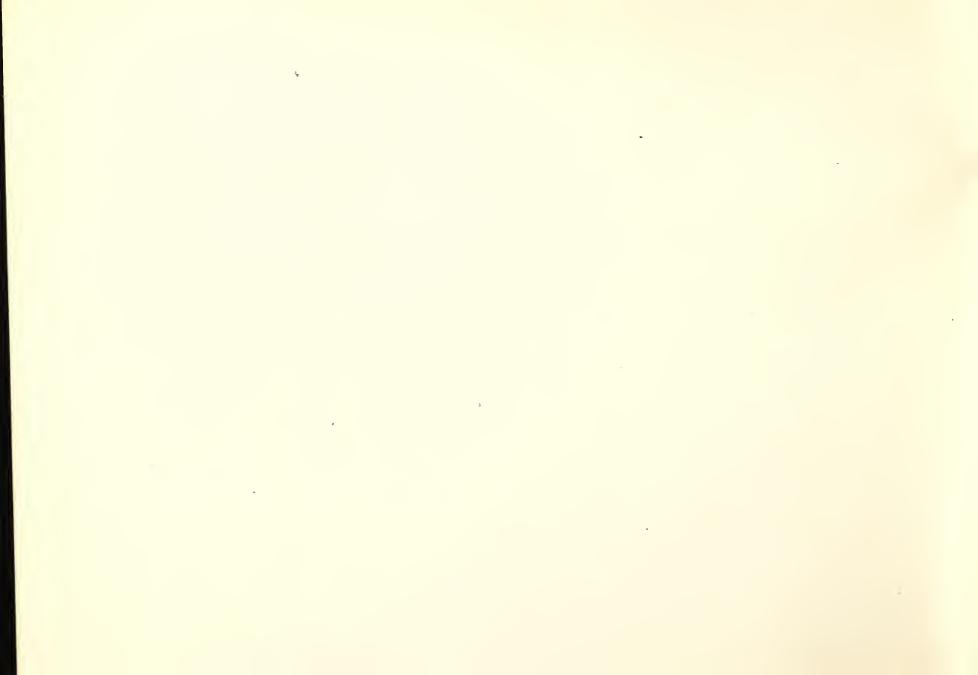
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William Frederick Slocum, 3. B., J. J., F. F.

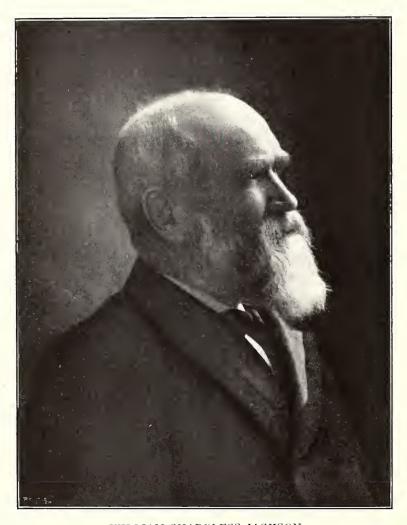
President of Colorado College

THE PIKE'S PEAK NUGGET

Volume IV 1903

PUBLISHED BY

The Junior Class of Colorado College



WILLIAM SHARPLESS JACKSON

TO

William Sharpless Jackson

A STAUNCH AND GENEROUS FRIEND OF

COLORADO COLLEGE

EVER LOYAL TO ITS BEST INTERESTS

THIS VOLUME OF THE PIKE'S PEAK NUGGET IS DEDICATED

BY

THE ANNUAL BOARD



WILLIAM SHARPLESS JACKSON

1

In the history of any institution there is no period more vital or decisive in determining its policy, or in moulding its future than that which marks the "beginning of things." Then it is that the sturdy, stalwart, far-sighted pioneer comes to the front, plays a unique role of almost incalculable value, and, sweeping away all traces of savagery and solitude, plants in their stead monuments of civilization to become in later years the pride and boast of society. Then it is that the men or group of men are most appreciated who foster, support and wisely guide such an institution through the uncertainty, discouragement and temporary weakness of its infancy.

Today Colorado College is standing on the threshold of a new era of prosperous activity, and we are all too prone to look with expectancy and pride into the near future and all that it portends for our Alma Mater. But we must ever bear in mind that the future is but the successor of the present, and the present the contemporary of the immediate past. Of those men who in the past have given of their substance, their energy and their loyalty toward the upbuilding of Colorado College and who are today rejoicing with us at each new step in her progressive march, no name deserves higher appreciation than that of William S. Jackson.

Instrumental in the founding of this institution twenty-six years ago, he was one of its first trustees, in which capacity he is still serving. But by no means did he content himself with this. For a quarter of a century he has watched with jealous eye our steady upward fight, and at all times, but especially at the critical moment, has he wielded his influence and substantiated his interest, proving both to us and to the world at large his true blue friendship for Colorado College. And if today there be one word which above all others best characterizes his most intimate and cordial relations with the College, without hesitation that word would be "staunch."

William Sharpless Jackson was born near Kenneth Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, January the sixteenth, eighteen hundred thirty-six, being the son of Caleb H. Jackson and Mary Ann Gause, of good old Quaker stock. Previous to entering school he apprenticed himself, at the wish of his father, to learn the machinist's trade. He then proceeded with his education at Greenwood Dell and Faton Academies—a simple though thorough preparation for his life work. After having learned his trade, he was made the confidential clerk of the man to whom he was apprenticed; a fitting reward for his integrity and faithfulness. Later on in his career he was for six years interested in lumber, and in the industry for building cars at Latrobe, Pennsylvania. Soon afterwards he was made treasurer of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad. In the organization of the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. in 1871, he was elected secre-

tary and treasurer, in which capacity he came to Denver. Eventually Mr. Jackson settled in Colorado Springs, where he was elected vice president of the railroad, and was for five years connected with its executive department. From this position of trust he resigned in 1876 to look after his growing private interests. Again, however, when the Denver & Rio Grande became embarrassed he it was who was delegated by the United States Court to foster its failing resources, and his marked ability in this phase of action won him the approval of an eminent New York judge. The new board of directors in recognition of his valuable services during the crisis, elected him president. Since then Mr. Jackson has won many friends throughout the state, who recognize his genius as an able financier and a liberal patron of learning.

Assuredly we esteem it a great honor that such a man as Mr. Jackson, who has for so many years been actively engaged in business pursuits so important and varied, has shown a continual and lively interest in Colorado College.



PROLOGUE



Scene—Colorado College. Time—Now. Speaker—Prologue.

Books or men, good people, in appearing before the public have to be introduced. And so I wish to bring to your notice a most interesting volume which has been written and compiled by a very hard-worked board of editors elected by the Junior Class. You will find this book worthy of your careful and charitable consideration because it is the result of a trying year of labor.

Whatever is imperfect here should not be criticised because humanity is as yet imperfect, and human endeavors cannot be perfect until the millenium. Therefore, its imperfections are but the seal of its humanity.

The annual board has nothing for which to apologize; for if it did, that would betoken conscious mistakes, and such are inexcusable. However, it has much for which to be thankful. Literary contributors have by no means been scarce and artists and photographers have manifested their interest in this volume by their many and worthy efforts in its behalf.

Therefore I place it in your hands, feeling sure that you will be pleased with it, and make my exit as I was wont to in the time of Shakespeare.



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LILLIAN GARLAND CHAPMAN

CORA ANNE WILCOX

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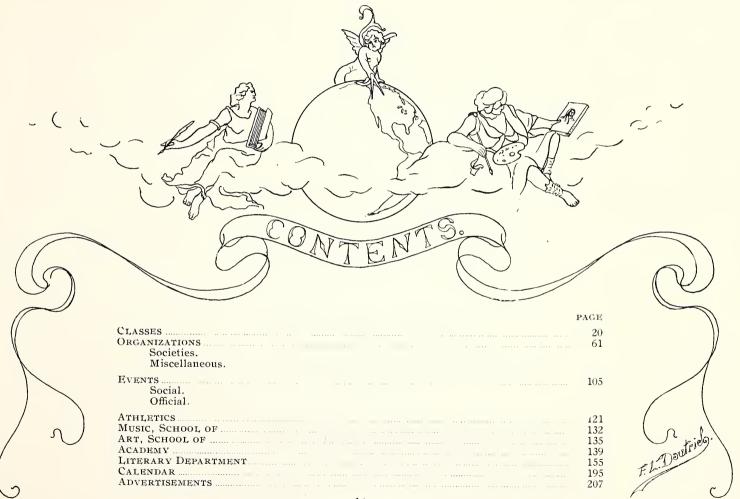
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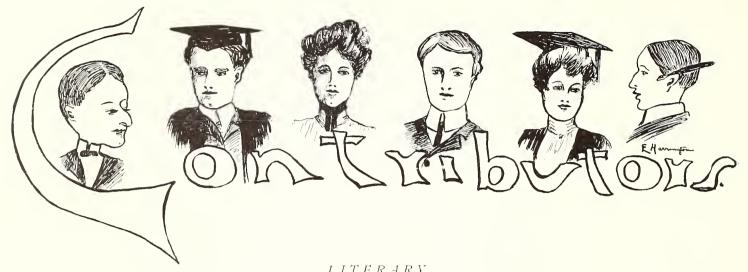
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PHOTOGRAPHY

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT



The college year is no longer reckoned from one Commencement to another but from the appearance of the annual Nugget. Mild indeed are such events as the laying of the corner stone of a half-million dollar science building, the barbecue, or the class play, compared to the day when the Junior class bursts upon the college consciousness with its annual flash of wit and wisdom.

Looking back to the day when we all read our failings in the last Annual, we wish to revive in your minds the principal events of a happy year, or tell you something of the life and progress of our college which stands in the shadow of the grand old Peak.

The first *striking* event was the faculty ball game. After many a fair girl had left the field lest she be obliged to see her brave classmates defeated, the Seniors won because the game could not be finished in consequence of lowering storm-clouds and gathering darkness. The last ball was struck high into the air by one of the professors and when darkness finally settled down Packard was seen still looking up for it. His mask and the ball were never seen again.

The next week was one long to be remembered in Colorado College circles. The large company of parents, brothers, sisters, relatives, friends, lovers and loved ones witnessed a glorious Commencement in which every event from the Baccalaureate sermon by Acting President Parsons to the alumni dinner in the gymnasium was excellent and appropriate. The presentation of well selected articles to each member of the Senior class, by Miss Stoddard, is a good illustration of the fitness of things which characterized every event.

One by one—sometimes two by two—engagements were made for the following year, or longer. Thirty-six Seniors went out into the wide world to carry the spirit and culture of Colorado College into lives of active and efficient service. The summer saw no lack of college spirit for everywhere the loyal lovers of the Iron and Gold extended the reputation of the college and when the doors opened in September the fruits of their activities were apparent in the large class which entered, eager to share the life of which they had heard so much.

Not only is the Freshman class one of the largest numerically, although last year saw an increase of over fifty per cent above previous classes, but it is the best prepared class that ever entered the college. The Sophomores, famous as they are for brilliant scholars, great athletes and noble women, were obliged to recognize *l'esprit de corps* of the new class and as a result there has not been, during the whole year, even the dislocation of an ice cream freezer.

President and Mrs. Slocum returned from their year abroad and brought into the college life increasingly rich gifts of character and influence. Several new teachers, with all the wisdom of the East, came and cast in their lots with us, adding, if possible, to the brilliancy of the teaching force.

But the habit of going to Europe has taken hold of the faculty. Miss Loomis, Mr. Goldmark, Mr. Fish, Professors Smith, Parsons and Gile, and President and Mrs. Slocum are victims of this habit, and now Mr. Brehaut has

left in medias res for the native haunts of Homer and Virgil. Unless this habit is checked serious consequences may be expected. The vacuum they leave with us is appalling. The upright character and vigorous energy of Professor Gile is especially missed this year. However, they have well earned this rest and we are the gainers in the end from the new life and enthusiasm which they bring back with them.

Externally the college has the appearance of great prosperity. The campus is green and beautiful with many a tree and shrub rapidly growing into grateful shade and harmonious proportion. Many other trees will be planted this season and already we can imagine our campus like those of the older colleges of the East. West of Cascade the new lawns, reaching down to the tennis courts by Washburn Field, with the well arranged drives and walks, give to that whilom weed patch a beauty hardly deemed possible before.

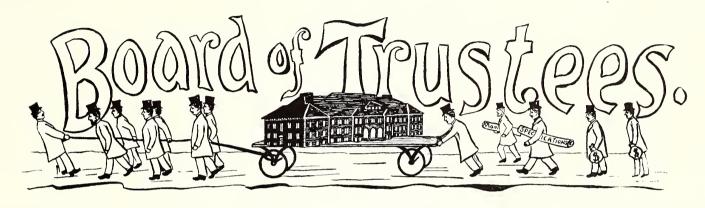
A new boiler house speaks of light and warmth for future generations and the plans are now out for the new residence for the fair portion of those same generations. The new science hall, henceforth to be known as Palmer Hall, is well along towards completion. Its large and empty vault seems to plead eloquently, though silently, for the million dollar endowment so much needed—so surely coming—for President Slocum is after it.

The internal life of the college has been marked by improved scholarship, advanced ideals and many an individual triumph over self and the world. The societies, organizations and clubs, of which there are many in number and variety, all seem to be doing their usual good work.

In athletics we are learning slowly that there are better things than victories—defeats have their lessons. Indications point to the time, not far off either, when surely founded, honestly developed and efficiently guided athletic interest shall bring us our full share of victories. There is a growing tendency toward more general athletic activity as shown by the new tennis courts, the many and spirited basket ball teams and the voluntary exercises of groups of students.

There is only one thing needed to make a college here which shall be equal to any of the older institutions on the Atlantic coast. That need is time. When our elms and lindens shall have grown as large as those on the campus of Princeton or Harvard there will be found here a college life and prestige second to none in America, for we have here in Colorado College a spirit, a life, a potentiality, which those institutions never had.

With every stimulus of natural scenery, bright sunshine, pure sparkling air and water, coupled with the everpassing touch of genius, as the celebrities of all nations look in upon us and give us their encouragement and vision, we may look forward with the greatest anticipations, and they will be more than realized.



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GREATEST SHOW COMPAY of Errors

SEASON TICKETS



DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Stage Manager ... Pres. William F. Slocum, D. D., LL. D.

Astute Astronomer F. H. Loud, A. M., Ph. D. Problem Propounder Florian Cajori, M. S., Ph. D. Fossil Fiend Francis W. Cragin, Ph. D. Psychology Pshark, Ellsworth G. Lancaster, A.M., B.D., Ph.D. Smile Stimulator (Assistant Manager)....

..... Edward S. Parsons, A. M., B. D. Empirical Economist Thomas K. Urdahl, M. L., Ph. D. Sonorous Songster (Yes)..... Samuel Jessop

Manipulator of Calcium and Footlights John C. Shedd, A. B., M. S., Ph. D. Attenuated Announcer Rowland H. Ritchie, Ph. B.

Fonetic Fog-horn Four-1st Tenor Sidney F. Pattison, A. B. 2nd Tenor Atherton Noyes, A. B. 1st Bass F. H. Loud, A. M., Ph. D.

Chorus, Citizens, and Pedagogs.... The Rest of the Faculty (See next Page).

and Bass Wm. E. Stark, A. M.



CHORUS, CITIZENS, PEDAGOGS

3/2

Louis A. E. Ahlers, A. B. Head Professor of Modern Languages and Literature

Ernest Brehaut, A. M. Instructor in Latin

MARIANNA BROWN, A. B. Instructor in Latin

MELVILLE FULLER COOLBAUGH, B. S. Instructor in Chemistry

Anna Pearl Cooper, A. B. Instructor in English and History

Frederick Dey, A. M. Instructor in Latin

M. CLEMENT GILE, A. M. Head Professor of Classical Languages and Literature

Frederick R. Hastings, A. M. Lecturer on the History of Philosophy

ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS, A. B.

Associate Professor of Modern Languages and Literature

Edith Preston Hubbard, A. B. Instructor in Mathematics

Ruth Loomis, A. B. Dean of Women

For performance, see Literary Department.

HANNAH TAYLOR MUIR, M. D. Medical Adviser for Women

Marion Edwards Park, A. B. Instructor in Greek and Latin

Hugh Allison Smith, A. M. Assistant Professor of Modern Languages

WILLIAM E. STARK, A. M. Instructor in Physics, and Acting Principal of the Academy

WILLIAM STRIEBY, A. M., E. M. Professor of Chemistry and Metallurgy

Frances Sedgwick Wiggin, B. L. Librarian

CLARENCE WILBER BOWERS.
Instructor in Piano-forte, Organ, Harmony and Counterpoint.

Mrs. Maud S. Faust, Instructor in Piano-forte

WILLIAM J. FINK, Instructor in Violin

SENIOR CLASS



Colors

Pink and Dark Green

Yell

Who are! who are! who are we!

You are slow, don't you see?

We are! we are! we are the

P-E-O-P-L-E.

Who are the People?

Nineteen-three!

Class Officer Dr. Slocum

Officers

President E. J. Lake, A. B.

Vice-President FANNIE BORST, A. B.

Secretary-Treasurer.... ...Louise Currier, A. B.



PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE



CHARACTERS—A Phonograph and the Annual Board.

Scene—The unnatural dignity and omniscience of the Senior Class, consisting of strong sporting proclivities, tempered by demure self-containedness and infinite tact; clear optimistic weather permeated by Prexy's ethicals and desultory readings in Browning, is the prevailing atmosphere.



THE ANNUAL BOARD—In session at South Hall, desperately working in the last stages of inertia. Knock at the door.

The Board (in chorus) "Come in." (Enter small boy with large package.)

Small boy. "With the compliments of the "Nugget" Staff of 1903." Editor, (untying package). "A Phonograph."

Board (in chorus) enthusiastically. "Turn it on." Editor reads directions and excitedly touches key.

Phonograph, (with insipid banjo-like quality of tone). "Ahem! Would it not be a commendable idea, ladies and gentlemen, when a fellow feels that he *must* make confidences, if he would talk into a phonograph? Its repetition could then be controlled and if listened to m another mood really ought to be of salutary effect."

The Annual Board, (immediately interested, starting as the phonograph pauses). "Whose voice?"

Phonograph (continuing). "But when it comes to making confidences about other people and especially concerning that august and erudite body, the Senior class, it becomes a matter of rushing in where professors fear to tread. But I presume that you are all intimately acquainted with 'naughty-three' and so you will not take these confidences too seriously.



"To be sure much is dependent upon the point of view. For example, let's take Mr. Lake. (With a drawl and peculiar buzzing.) He's somewhat of a cynic, I know, but how does the aphorism run, 'vouth is a period of extremes, its faith is most absolute, its cynicism is most entire.' However, he'll eventually settle down inside a Ladies' Home Journal cottage. It is rumored in 'Igh Sassierty' that Miss Carter is seriously contemplating making her debut in that most charming of light operas 'The Singing Girl.' (Phonograph ominously silent—a faint in the quarter of the artistic department). (Phonograph continuing.) Don't be alarmed, ladies, Mr. Slauson, an unimpeachable authority, absolutely denies the above statement



DANIEL R. SLAUSON, Ph. B. Miltonian; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club (3) (4) President Miltonian (4)

E. J. LAKE, A. B.

Apollonian; Vice-President Apollonian (2); President Apollonian (3): Inter-Society debate (2); Inter-State debate (3); President Oratorical Secretary Oratorical Association (3) (3); Assistant Editor Annual (3); President (Too modest to permit publishing Tennis Association (4); President Class (4).

MABELLE CARTER, Ph. B. Colorado Springs of photograph.)



LOUISE WOODWARD CURRIER, A. B.
Greeley, Colorado
Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; President Y. W. C. A.
(4); Delegate to Geneva (3)

and in speaking for himself he told me in secret, that his great ambition was to beat the war drum for His Majesty, King Epicurus, of the Fiji Islands.

"Somehow or other, I have always been misled as to Miss Currier, but first impressions are sometimes wrong impressions. Appearances of a truth are deceitful. 'The demurest of Quaker gray is often lined with the most brilliant plaid.' Everyone who is capable of appreciating Mr. Hunter will concede that he is something of an-er-well something of an erratic genius. Perhaps music is his bald spot, but the proof of genius in these piping times of peace seems to be the testifying to somebody's hair tonic in the advertisement department of the 'Nugget.' See page



WILLIAM EARLE HUNTER, A. B.
Vincennes, Indiana
Pearsons; Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer Pearsons (4);
Vice-President State Oratorical (4); Baseball
(3) (4); Treasurer Tennis Association (3); Delegate to Geneva (3)



CLARE McCOY, A. B.
Canon City, Colorado
Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; Recording Secretary
Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Contemporary (1);
Hawley Scholarship (2) (3)

—. Although unable to define that charming elusiveness in which the sons of old Eli take so much delight, the other day I actually succeeded in having a little tete a tete with Miss McCov. And the result was— (Phonograph buzzes incoherently and then continues). Apropos of stage rumors, contrary to the expectations of all, after careful thought and serious consideration, Miss Beard has at last decided to retire from the pomp and vanity of this world and to take the black veil. (Voice continuing, absently humming La Miserere. Then takes up the conversation in a lighter vein.) But



PEARL IRENE BEARD, A. B.
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Girls' Glee Club (3) (4); Perkins Scholarship (2);
High Honors (1) (2)



MARGARITA MATSON, Ph. B. Colorado Springs, Colorado Y. W. C. A.

this is altogether too sad a subject for young people to dwell upon; when life is so full of the gentle beauties of the springtime, when the flower girl culls her roses for the hymeneal ceremony. Senior-Junior nuptials are rarely graced by such a dainty maid as Miss Matson. Truly 'Sie ist wie eine Blume.' Houk! (Brrrr-r-r!!! Houk! J. S. E. Houk! That spirit for arms kindled during the Manila campaign seems to have never entirely left Mr. Houk. It has been rumored, however, that he even contemplates leaving the blood-thirsty literary profession of Books, Stationery, etc., for the gentle pursuit of chivalry. The last time I



JOHN S. E. HOUK, A. B.
Pearsons; Y. M. C. A.; President Y. M. C. A. (3);
Business Manager Annual (3); Editor Tiger
(4); Secretary Pearsons (2); Football Academy
(3) (4); College (1) (2); Baseball, Academy
(3) (4); College (3)



ELIZABETH ROUARK, A. B.
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Y. W. C. A.; Girls' Glee Club (3) (4); Nugget
Board (3)

was in Baltimore I met Miss Rouark—don't worry, I'm not going to mention Mr. Sager. She was on a flying trip to Johns Hopkins in the hope of there obtaining necessary data for the solving of her latest mathematical triumph 1 plus 1 equals 2. (Teddy explodes.) A quiet fellow, that

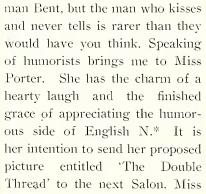


FRED C. SAGER, A. B.
La Veta, Colorado

Peartons; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary Y. M. C. A. (3);
Vice-President Pearsons (4); Inter-State Debate (1); State Oratorical Contest (2)



CLINTON A. BENT, Pn. B. DeKalb, Illinois Y. M. C. A.





ELIZABETH DELL PORTER, A. B.
Denver, Colorado
Minerva; Y. W. C. A.; President Minerva (4); Student Volunteer; Hawley Scholarship (3); Secretary-Treasurer Phoedus Club (4); Delegate to Geneva (1)



BARBARA ETHEL SMEIGH, A. B.
Denver, Colorado

Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; President Contemporary (4); Secretary Contemporary (3); Hawley Scholarship (2); Annual Board (3)

Smeigh prides herself on being enigmatical and in this role often proves herself to be intensely dramatic. Her tastes are strongly literary while she would make a fitting subject for a couple of sonnets. She, Miss Dudley and Miss Fillius are worshippers at the shrine of Omar Khayyam. Miss Dudley is a gentle enthusiast and who of us can fail to enter into the spirit. (Phonograph buzzing in the interval, resumes.) Somebody at my elbow whispered 'Ping Pong and Meredith.' Miss



GRACE DUDLEY, Ph. B.
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; Tiger Board (4); Annual Board (3); Secretary Contemporary (2);
Girls' Glee Club (3); Vice-President Y. W. C.
A. (4)



ELLA SABIN FILLIUS, A. B.
Denver, Colorad;

Contemporary; Treasurer Contemporary (2); High
Honors (1) (2); Annual Board (3); President
Contemporary (4)

Fillius is tactful, elusive, baffling. At an impressionable point in her career this young lady read Vanity Fair too seriously. The class of '03 in so far as I can obtain a concensus of opinion, is a remarkably smart set. What better example of cleverness can we take than Miss Borst? Ever ready for a joke and a lark, she always gets the best of the laugh and



FANNY BORST, A. B.
Denver, Colorado
Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Class (4)



ROBERT MARSHALL WORK, A. B.
Fort Morgan, Colorado

Pearsons; Y. M. C. A.: Treasurer Pearsons (4);
Glee Club (4); State Oratorical Contest (4)

(with suppressed mirth) it takes work to get ahead of her. For Work is not in the role of common men, you know. Perhaps it is well and I sometimes believe it to be foreordained that there is a diversity of genius. De Witt came to us from Princeton, rather, he brought Princeton to us. He is developing an epigrammatic reportorial style that bids fair to make him famous as a stalwart Tiger supporter. The question remains, which Tiger? But gen-



DONALD DE WITT, A. B.
Laurenceville, N. J.
Pearsons; Y. M. C. A.; Vice-President Pearsons
(4); Tiger Board (4)



NELL D. SCOTT, A. B. Fort Collins, Colorado Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Contemporary (4)

ius is not for man alone, 'Let no man accost me unless he hath a mighty reason.' This humble opinion comes from Miss Scott's diary. She is of a misanthropic temperament, that is—hates boys. Personally, I can hardly account tor such warring of the sexes, especially when one meets a fellow of such a charming personality as Van Nostran. The noble art of persuasion is his, to him may be ascribed the honor and glory of possessing marked political sagacity and a pathetic smile. His proclivities lead him to the bar, but like the ordinary lawyer, he never bluffs. (Phonograph suddenly recollects). By the way, what time is it? It must be getting late. Great Scott! I had no idea of intruding so long upon your valuable time."

Tell us all about the rest."

Phonograph. "Well, perhaps it's only right, despite the late



W. D. VAN NOSTRAN, S. B. Board (in chorus.) "Go on. Pearsons, Inter-Society Debate (2) (3); Inter-State Debate (4); Tiger Board (3) (4); Assistant Manager Football (2); Manager Football and Baseball (3) (4); Treasurer Pearsons (2); Vice-President (3); President (4).



ALWINA WILHELMINA BEYER, A. B.

Pueblo, Colorado

Minerva; Y. W. C. A.; Hawley Scholarship (2) (3)

hour, that I should go on with my observations. Notwithstanding the fact that German B has terrorized and finally sent to Erebus the shades of many a would-be interpreter of the Teutonic tongue, the establishment of a chair in German for Miss Bever by the trustees of Alikali University, is a fitting testimonial of conscientious effort. As this is a post of much responsibility, I confess I am surprised that Miss Beyer can find time to engage in frivolous conversation with J. Arthur. (Phonograph pauses.) I know it isn't quite proper to betray sacred confidences, but I can't refrain from telling you about something I saw at the barbecue. It almost made me think that the good old days of chivalry were revived. In fact, I could hardly believe my eyes,—but there in the weird shadows of the firelight stood that sedate Senior, McClintock, one arm embracing the cider barrel, the other embracing—his opportunity. Truly 'a verray parfit gentil knight.'



HENRY LACY McCLINTOCK, Ph. B.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Apollonian; Y. M. C. A.; High Honors (1) (2);
Perkins Scholarship (2); Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A. (3); Assistant Manager Baseball (2); Inter-Society Debate (3) (4); Editor Annual (3); Football (3) (4); President Apollonian (4); Delegate to Geneva (1); Tiger Board (1) (2) (3)



THOMAS LAWRENCE BLISS, A. B.
Denver, Colorado
Y. M. C. A.; Denver Unversity (1) (2) (3); C. C. (4)

"Mr. Bliss, too, is fond of Knights, but his position in the matter is clearly defined, for he upholds that the royal game of chess is far superior to the ephemeral fantasies of life. At least, he affirms that it is less dangerous than 'football' and is willing to debate the question with any fair minded person of mediocre ability. Miss Root, on the contrary, doesn't care a fig for chess. There's only one place for her 'Lares Penatesque,' the classic East. We have heard whispered over the teacups many strange and mystic interpretations of her loquaciousness on this subject and others. There, amid the soft, green verdure of the Vermont hills, among the traditions of Ethan Allen, she expects to pass many happy days in a little red school house with green shutters.



LOUISE HILLS ROOT, Ph. B.
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Contemporary; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Contemporary (4)



NELLIE EVA STEPHENS, A. B.
Delta, Colorado
Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. (3) (4)

Miss Stephens takes as much delight in the social progress of the race—as Prof. Cajori does in flunking Freshmen in Mathematics A. And you know what that means. From exhaustive research and personal experience, she is convinced that the economic wellbeing of humanity is best fostered by mathematical precision and scrupulous neatness. I have often heard it said that Miss Scholz is such a shy, modest and retiring young lady that I feel it to be almost unbecoming in me to venture into personalities. certain it is, that she is extremely versatile. Whether it be the handling of an irascible senior, the cooking of pumpkin pies, or the art of presiding over a woman's suffrage convention, she is always equal to the occasion. Mr. Jon-



JEANNETTE RUTH E. SCHOLZ, A. B.
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Minerva; Y. W. C. A.; Honors (1); Annual Board
(3); President Minerva (4)



MARSHALL WILLIAM JONSON, Ph. B.
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Apollonian; Y. M. C. A.; Football (1) (2) (3) (4);
Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4); Vice-President Apollonian (4); Annual Board (3); Captain Football Team (3) (4); Secretary Inter-State Oratorical Association (4)

son has always prided himself on his astuteness until a certain innocent course known as Geology 1 convinced him of his error but Jonny can play football, so we'll forgive him. O. D. Sherer always struck me, during his college days, as a man of push and purpose, so that I am not in the least surprised to hear of him now as president, treasurer, trustees and faculty of the Get-There-Eli University of western China, shaping the destiny of that part of the Celestial Empire. said he has introduced the culture of peanuts into the Empire as a substitute for tea raising... In this little talk that I have had with you, members of the Annual Board, I have endeavored to do justice (but with charity) to all. I make but one request. For the love of St. Michael and All Angels, let this be strictly entre nous. If this should get out OraDanicl Sherer might do the Carrie Nation act with me." (Phonograph goes smash—bang!)



O. D. SHERER, A. B.
Lexington, Ohio

Pearsons; Y. M. C. A.; Vice-resident Y. M. C. A.
(3) President Y. M. C. A. (4); President Philadelphian Club (4); Inter-Society Debate (4); Memorial Day Oratorical (3); President Pearsons (4); Delegate to Geneva (2)



THE JUNIOR CLASS



Colors

Crimson and Silver Grav

Yell

Kelack! Kelack! Go sit on a tack!

Kelock! Kejeteratock!

Keluckity! luckity! Killekalore!

Keree! Kerore! Legidamadore!

Juniors! Juniors!

Nineteen-four!

Class Officer Dr. Lancaster

Officers

President ... Ella Warner
Vice-President ... Clyde H. Howell
Secretary-Treasurer ... Muriel Hill



JUNIOR BUREAU OF MISINFORMATION



Of all the functions in which the Annual Board has had to serve during the present year that of *Class Burcau of Information* has proved most difficult. Many of the queries received call for powers which we are frank to admit we possess not; but in pursuance of our agreement in opening the department, we have done our best to give helpful answers; and these, together with the questions, we submit herewith:

Miss Daketa Allen. Please suggest some good hair tonic. Ever since I was a Freshman I have been endeavoring to grow more than two inches length of hair. That this is a temperance rown must be taken into consideration. Ayers' is what I used last.

Answer: We most heartily recommend that you still stick to Ayers' and perseverance.

Mr. k. C. Bull. For the past two years I have been making an exhaustive study of the feline for the purpose of explaining that perplexing question, "Why does the animal emit electricity when its fur is rubbed the wrong way?" Vivisection has demonstrated the fact that there are no batteries in its organs. Can you throw any light on the subject?

Answer: Take cat by tail, full swing three times, rub back once, open mouth, place fore-fingers on each of its wisdom teeth and feel shock. This will locate to your satisfaction the source of the current in the caudal agitation. But this experiment should not be carried too "fur."

Mr. A. W. Baker. I find it extremely difficult to become acquainted with the young ladies of the college, and also to carry on an interesting conversation with even those whom I have met. Does the fault lie in me, in the young ladies, or in the subjects of conversation?

Answer: One of the greatest secrets of success in the social world is the proper word at the proper time. Among approachable subjects you might consider the following: "Her pearly teeth and bewitching eyes, the size of mosquitoes in New Jersey, Christian Science, and the size of her shoes, the prospects for the potato crop," etc. A judicious mixture of these topics would eccupy an evening profitably.

Mr. J. Arthur Birchby. Would it be too great an intrusion upon your valuable time if I should as you to inform me as to the exact nature and purpose of that publication which it is reputed you are about to issue?

Answer: By no means. . . We are glad to see you taking time from your specialization of the posterior nerve root to even notice our humble efforts. Please call at our office after four a. m. any morning and receive descriptive pamphlets.

Mr. W. C. Bybee. I'm in love, but in vain have I sought for an adequate mode of expressing my passion. In the realm of song, 'The Good Old Summer Time," "She's My Annie, I'm Her Jo," My Alabaster Coon," etc have utterly failed to make even an impression. What would you do in such a case?

Answer: Courage, man! Drop from the sublime, stand on the earth and propose!

Miss Eva Canon. Is it a great fault to shun the society of men, and how can I cultivate their acquaintance?

Answer: Yes, it is a part of a young lady's education to be at ease

in the company of young men. The coping is an excellent place to fasten any chance acquaintance. It is annoying to the librarian to chat in alcoves.

Miss Lillian G. Chapman. How can one overcome innate stubborness and sleepiness?

Answer: A year's good hard work on an Annual Board with a firm editor-in-chief ought to be beneficial. Perhaps this would not be effectual, but it is the only thing we can suggest. Try some nerve-racking patent medicine and go to as many class parties as possible.

Louise Dunbar. Can you give me the name of the author of "Die Vorschuss-Und Creditvereine als Volks banken," and "The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation?"

Answer: After much research we have been able to find the author of one only. (a) Herr Schulz-Delitsch, of the University of Heidleburg. For further reference, see T. K. U., of C. C.

Mr. C. H. English. My looking glass tells me that I am a lady-kaler; what do the ladies think?

Answer:

Among the girls those charming curls
Call forth great admiration,
And in those eyes the secret lies
Of winning adoration.

But be alert; when one's a flirt It's easily detected.

That naughty twinkle's all for naught, Your wiles it has reflected.

Mr. George Gardner, Jr. I aspire to be an entrepreneur and an homme d'affairs. What course shall I pursue in college?

Answer: By all means the Academic. Greek being a dead language aids materially in the detection of dead-beats. A course in German B may serve to develop that equilibrium of temperament so essential to the successful entrepreneur. Finally, consult the Delineator constantly, as the man of affairs is necessarily a sport.

Miss Jessie Gordon. (a) May I trouble you for references for the most interesting and most recent articles on Darwin's Theories? (b) I have a haughty and arrogant disposition and deplore it deeply. Can you offer any helpful suggestions?

Answer: We desire to commend your interest in these broadening scientific studies, but for lack of space are compelled to withhold the requested information. (See Poole's Index for 1902.) Perhaps your conscience is supersensitive. Study the attitude of others toward you.

Miss Ethel Harrington. How can I cultivate a lasting taste for Wagner and Lizst?

Answer: By continually executing

light operas, such as Floradora, on the piano in South Hall.

Miss Katrina Hayden. How can I get to Psychology on time? I live two or three miles from college, and the class begins at 8:15.

Answer: Be sure to get up before breakfast (that is, if you eat breakfast), and start earlier. Punctuality is an excellent virtue. Learn it for your Junior year; forget it when you are a Senior.

Miss Muriel Hill. I have been accused of being a jollier. How can I refute this accusation? I desire to be as popular with the girls as with the young men of the college. Please give me your advice.

Answer: Continue with these tactics if profitable; do not let public opinion swerve you from your indomitable will. This desire if it is the sincere motif of your heart, is most praiseworthy. However, we think that though you may seek it earnestly, such unprecedented popularity as you have enjoyed since coming to this institution of higher learning would be difficult of attainment.

Mr. W. L. Hogg. I'm in doubt as to the walk of life in which I should travel. I'm somewhat addicted to satire, law and geology, and don't know whether to become a "litterateur," a lawyer, or a scientist. Also, my head is so large I can't get a hat to fit. Answer: Kill two birds with one stone—be a hatter.

Mr. C. H. Howell. Will you please inform me as to the propriety of inviting a Freshman girl in preference to a Junior to the Apollonian banquet?

Answer: Class distinction must fade away in this case; herein the heart alone dictates.

Mr. T. C. Hunt. I am in trouble. I have evolved a fearful habit. I am in the clutches of uncontrollable reflexes. No matter where 1 go, the jingling of those fatal keys betrays me. I have tried Tar Tablets for Tanned Toughs, McPherson's Finger Effusion, in fact everything, without even a semblance of success. Will you suggest a remedy?

Answer: We will. The keynote of the whole matter is habit. (See James Briefer, Chapter IX.) Five weeks in a rest sanatarium where doors have no locks and a vegetable diet is strictly enforced will do wonders for you. Don't give up the fight.

Mr. A. S. Ingersoll. Is it good form to challenge an antagonist verbally, or should the epistolary method be adhered to, even when the second party is scarcely what you might call a "gentleman"?

Answer: In such a case it is hardly necessary to conform to the laws of chivalry. With the rabble, mob law is supreme. He who is brave will put them to rout by heroically "turning the tables upon them."

Miss Mabel Jencks. Would you ad-



vise a pupil to correct her professor on a subject in which he knows less than she? What is the good of a class party?

Answer: Most assuredly; a professor frequently knows less than a student and is glad to take every opportunity of informing himself. This should be done in as kindly a spirit as possible. After much inquiry we are unable to answer your second question.

Miss Ellen Jewett. Can you send me some recipes for dainty desserts without cocoanut? Send a unique pattern for making a Battenberg picture-net.

Answer: We are sorry that we are unable to give you the space for the answer to your questions. Send stamps and your address (plainly written) and we shall be glad to comply with your housewifely questions.

Miss Zoa Kidder. How can I smile so that my dimples will not show?

Answer: This is a very difficult question to answer, but we should advise wearing court plaster on them. On request, we will be glad to send the name of a famous dermatologist who might be able to entirely eradicate them.

Miss Lola Knight. Where can one get the best guide book for European travel, and where is the most ideal spot for a honeymoon?

Answer: Baedeker's guide book is

guaranteed to give satisfaction. Let the groom decide this.

Mr. W. A. Leighton. Most honored sirs:—I part my hair in the middle. I have been informed that this trait indicates great future success in life—that I shall win the esteem of fellowmen and the awe-struck admiration of fair ladies, no matter what career I enter upon. I anxiously await your confirmation of this statement. P. S. Is tennis too violent a dissipation for a young man of my build?

Answer: Some arrant joker has surely mislead you. Lay aside your customary impetuosity when playing tennis and the results will be beneficial.

Miss Ruth Lewis. How can I overcome a tendency to melancholia? Naturally I am of a light-hearted temperament, but this year my spirits lack their accustomed buoyancy.

Answer: Meditate upon the starry heavens and the picture on memory's walls.

Mr. F. M. Loud. Would it be proper to show a marked preference, in public, to a particular young lady in whom one is especially interested? If not, how is one to make known to her his secret infatuation? (Please answer quickly.)

Answer: In public places your natural smile directed toward the lady in question would be of sufficient connotation. But be conservative with it, and don't wear it out.

Miss A. B. McGee. I have fallen into a bad hapit of eating between meals.

Do you know of any effective remedy for this practice?

Answer: Don't go to the drug store for velvets and cream cakes, nor go over to the little store oftener than twice a day. This may be effectual unless the case is extreme. If so, use Dr. Cunningham's Appetite Destroyer.

Miss Lotta Meacham. Is it proper for a young lady to receive chrysanthemums from a young gentleman whom she has just met? Is a pique suit the thing to wear to church in November?

Answer: It is highly reprehensible to receive any gift from such a newly made acquaintance. As for wearing a pique suit to church in November, it is a thing that would not be tolerated in the polite circles of Washington, (Iowa), society.

Mr. J. H. Nash. Will you kindly recommend to me a list of works upon the latest and most up-to-date methods of sign language and its interpretation?

Answer: Such works are rather antiquated and but few understand the significance of the once popular fan and handkerchief manipulations, etc. Today something more radical is necessary for the desired effect. We would recommend heartily a peculiarly individual and strikingly original sneeze.

Mr. C. C. Pardee. Did you ever notice that when two mules are pulling a plow, if one stops the other doesn't start, and if the other stops the one doesn't start; also if the other starts the one doesn't stop—if the one starts the other doesn't stop, but iust stands there wagging his tail? Does this indicate a psychological phenomenon?

Answer: The psychological phenomonon from your data, is clearly in the brain of the one mule and in the wagging tail of the other.

Mr. F. A. Pettibone. Are the halls the "only" place to spend a pleasant social hour?

Answer: By no means, Mr. Pettibone. There are many delightful homes in Colorado Springs, and remember they are not all bordering on the campus. Of course, don't forget the halls.

Mr. H. T. Reed. My book, "How to Stand In," of which you have undoubtedly heard in college circles and in the literary reviews, is, I am glad to announce, nearing completion. But the final chapter, entitled "On the Fence," still lacks some very important data. Can you give me a suggestion?

Answer: Would it not be well to emphasize the fact that there is nothing more artful than the ability to stand on the fence without tumbling? This, in our opinion, is a splendid subject, especially since so many try and fail. Your book should command a large sale.

Miss Eulalie Reinhardt. How many sittings for a picture may one have with

propriety? Do you consider it good form to talk in chaper?

Answer: Four sittings ought to give satisfaction to the vainest. We think it most reprehensible to talk in chapel; then, if ever, should one be quiet and not attract any attention.

Mr. P. D. Rice. My ambition follows an oratorical trend; I long to be like D. Webster.

Answer: Our dear young friend, this is a noble aspiration. With such an overwhelming desire and with such a pleasing voice and finished grace, but a few minor details are necessary to place you in the desired category. Bearing in mind that Webster was a true sport, we recommend the following: A polka-dot vest, duck trousers, at least a paste ring on the gesturing hand, celluloid collar and cuffs, and a red necktie.

Miss Ada Seifried. If one is loved by a young man who is too shy to make advances, how can one encourage him?

Answer: Never speak loudly to him; always be frank, and also give him plenty of time to catch up with you.

Miss Lottie Starbird. Should a girl in college wear a solitaire on the third finger of ner lett hand?

Answer: No; it is unbecoming for a girl of your age; it conveys wrong

impressions and gives an opportunity for Annual Boards to criticise.

Mr. W. M. Vories. I have all but completed a beautiful stanza which I mean to entitle "My Rep." But the last line does not rhyme quite perfectly. Knowing my standing you may be able to suggest some slight alterations which would better render the rhyme without destroying the beauty of the verse. The poem is as follows:

When e'er they read one of my verses My charm-ed friends do shout Approval, while each one rehearses Its praises long and (loud?).

Answer:

MY REP.

Whene'er they read one of my verses
My bor-ed friends do shout
With mingled threats and savage
curses.

Great Caesar! Cut it out!

(We heartily sympathize with the friends.)

Miss Eleanor Warner. How can I cultivate a smile and a propensity for long words?

Answer: Be resolved to look pleasant and seize the first possible opportunity to act on the resolution made. The Psychology class is a good place to form a habit. (b) A careful perusal of the dictionary and encyclopedia will develop a "penchant" for long words.

Miss Ella Warner. I am of a secretive

and some say rather cold temperament, which is far from my intention.

Answer: It is a pity to hide your light under a bushel. You hardly mingle enough in the motley throng.

Miss Sarah Wolverton. (a) When one sings in the halls, what is the inference? (b) How can the chairman of the self-government committee among the girls, be popular?

Answer: We should say in answer to your first question that the inference is you think thirty other girls wish to hear you sing. In regard to your second question, see to it that you always reprove the girls for laughing, talking or walking in the corridors, and you will be popular.

wiss Cora Wilcox. I am a very talkative young woman, my tongue often belies me. I am anxious to break the habit. Can you offer any suggestion?

Answer: Firmly resolve to answer briefly any question addressed to you. Never enter into any conversations unless spoken to first. Even then monosyllabic words will do best.



THE LAKE AT STRATTON PARK



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Colors Yale Blue and Pearl Gray

Yell

Olla pa dah! Ka chu! Ka ching! Ka, flip flop flap flip! Boom! Bang! Bing! Kick-a-poo! Walla-pop! Singoom! Sosh! Naught-five! Naught-five! That's no josh!

Class Officer Prof. Ahlers
Officers
President
Vice-President Lester Bale
Secretary-Treasurer

Class Roll

Marie Anderson
C. A. Baker
Lester S. Bale
Ada Brush
Bessie Carter
Franklin Cleverly
Clara Cowing
C. N. Cox, Jr.
Lola Davis
Marjorie Gregg
Florence Fezer
Frank F. Goode

Edith Hall				
Clara Hall				
M. C. Hall				
F. E. Hawley				
Florence Haynes				
E. L. Hensley				
W. E. Hester				
Florence Holt				
Jos. W. Horn				
Mildred Humphrey				
Jean Ingersoll				
Margaret Isham				

Adah Johnson
Jos. P. Kearns
Belle Kemp
Harry B. Killough
Earl Lamb
Emma Leidigh
E. H. MacVeen-Collier
Sarah McDowell
Ione Montgomery
W. H. Nead
Mary Porter
Opal Ray

L. C. Roberts
Jessie Sammons
Ray B. Shaw
Alsena Shepard
Agnes Smedley
Jessie Smith
Laura Stiles
Maude Stoddard
B. B. Strock
Bert Wasley
Agnes Wiley
F. E. Willett
Ida Williams



HAGERMAN RHYMES



Sing a song of ten cents
Worth of pun'kin pie,
Five and twenty fellows
In my room—Oh, my!
When the pie's divided,
I didn't get a thing.
I thought it was a pretty josh
And then began to ———!!!

Ba, ba, Postman,
Have I any mail?
Yes, sir, yes, sir;
Hope you didn't fail:
Just a flunk in English,
Just a flunk in Greek,
Just a dun from Holbrook,
Busted, sir? Pike's Peak.

Hey diddle diddle, that's somebody's fiddle,
A Beethoven-smitten loon!
But I furnish proof the cat on the roof
Is a more beneficent boon!

Little drops of gasoline,
Language mild and faint,
Somehow fail to estimate
Walter and his paint.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SOPHOMORE



TIME—1925. PLACE—Colorado Springs. (Two famous men walking around the campus of Colorado College.) First Man. "What changes come in a few years! Our old C. C. has taken great strides in the twenty years since we left here."

Second Man. "Yes, but I always thought it would be a great place. They began to build the Science Building when I was a Freshman! That takes me back to my Freshman days and the trials we had then. We were no greener than other Freshmen, I guess, and by the time we had beaten the Sophomores in a football game and tug-of-war we began to feel as though the Naughty Fives were as good as anyone else. The Juniors were certainly good to us when the others were making jokes at our expense, but, somehow, I always felt as though they were laughing at us up their sleeves. But I suppose we were sensitive as Freshmen always are. With all our troubles we got through our Freshman year and took pride in our size, for we numbered eighty.

"In our Sophomore year those of us who came back found our number greatly reduced. But that made very little difference, for we found that then we worked in unison and with a common motive in our college life. That year had very little excitement in it, for Prexy carefully impressed upon us that the reputation of the College rested upon our shoulders. We were obliged to agree with him, since the Freshmen did not have 'spunk' enough to do anything. We tried several plans to stir them up. The girls thought they would begin the fun and then surely the Freshmen boys would be gallant enough to avenge the insult. One night while the unsuspecting Freshmen girls were at supper, the Sophomore girls walked off with all the shoes in their rooms. The next morning the porch of Montgomery Hall was decorated in an extraordinary manner. The decorations remained there long enough for the Sophs to get a snap shot of them, and every Sophomore girl had a picture as a trophy of the occasion. This was quite a 'feeture' but it failed to arouse any more excitement than a wail from the Freshmen girls, who were compelled to go to classes in 'their dancing slippers in three feet of snow!"

"Soon after this the Freshmen had a class party with a most tempting decoration of class numerals. In the course of the evening the Freshies suddenly heard cries outside of 'The Sophomores!' and when they all crowded to the door to see what was the matter their numerals mysteriously disappeared. The fleet-footed thief escaped without being captured.

"The Barbecue was, as usual, 'the best one yet,' with pumpkin pie to counteract the bad effects of the 'usual funny remarks' of the Profs. Since the Sophomores were busy that night sceing that their guests had a good time, they determined to entertain themselves afterward. So the next night the 'Barbecue Supplement' took place. I can see it now. Down in a grove by the Athletic Field there blazed a big bon-fire. Around it sat all the Sophomores,

while peanuts, apples, and cider went the rounds to make merrier the already merry crowd. But especially did we 'chuckle' because the Freshmen didn't know a thing about it. The Sophomores never did tell all they knew, not even in recitations.

"As for athletics, we were not behind hand. We had the two biggest men in College on the football team, and nobody could say that they didn't 'Nead Bale' for captain. In baseball, too, the diamond shone with Hester's smile. As for basket-ball and field sports, we were 'in it,' for in spite of the fact that the Freshies won the relay race, a Sophomore man scored the greatest number of points in the other events.

"Altogether, we had our due share of fun and work, and only regretted the end of the year which would bring us to the cares of apper classmen."





THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Colors

Hunter's Green and White

Yell

Rix! Rax! Rix!

Rix! Rax! Rix! Nulli Secundus

Nineteen-six!

Class Officer S. F. Pattison

Officers

President ... Orin Randolph Vice-President ... Miss Mabel Barbee Secretary-Treasurer ... Donald Tucker

Class Roll

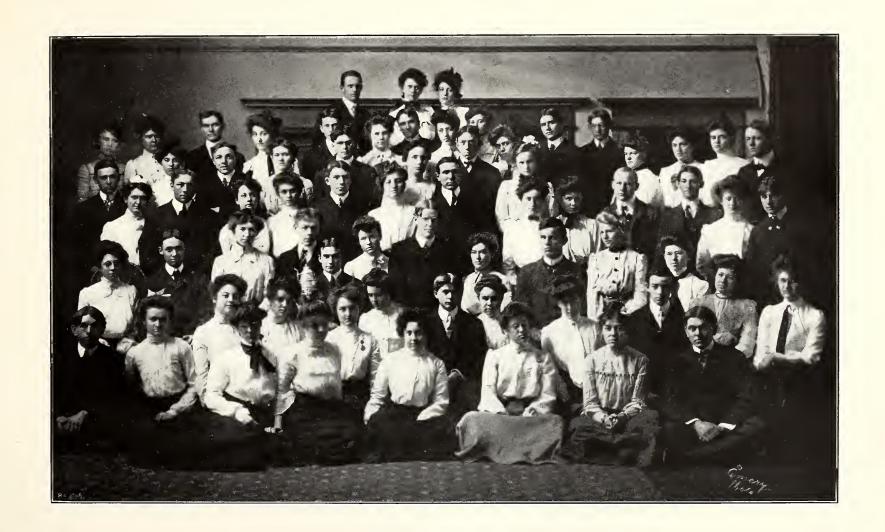
Ruth Anderson Nannie Armstrong Anna Arthur G. E. Austin Mabel Barbee Cornelia Ball Emma Barnard Leo W. Bortree Orpha Broege Harriet Brooks Guy Chapman Nellie Cheley H. V. Churchill Edna Clark Annie Clough Lois Crane

Gertrude Correll
James H. Finger
Mary Fisher
A. D. Forbush
Sarah French
Raymond Givens
Bessie Gordon
Lilyan Hastings
F. M. Herring
Ruth Hoagland
Raymond Hilligoss
Louise Holcomb
Ruthella Hummer
Thomas Hunter
Philip Jenks

G. T. Johnson
Will Johnston
Alice Kidder
Ethel Kimball
Elizabeth Lockhart
W. F. Lowry
Alice McKinnie
Dora Miller
Arthur E. Mitchell
Emma Montgomery
W. E. Montgomery
Helen Morrow
Clara Orr
Daisy Pace
Emily Palmer

H. A. Patten
James Platt
Ruth Ragan
Orin Randolph
Carrie Rautschler
Mary E. Rautschler
Yna Reinhardt
E. E. Reyer
F. M. Roberts
Florence Kellogg Root
Guy Chase Simpson
Margaret Sinton
Dora F. Slack
Maud Smith
Mabel Stark

Earl C. Steffa
Orris W. Steffa
Eoua Taylor
Fred Tomlin
Annie E. Towle
Grace V. Trovinger
Donald Tucker
Corinne C. Tuckerman
W. J. Wallrich
Helen L. West
Jeannette Welch
Lucretia F. Whitehead
Willett R. Willis
Josephine Work
Zaidee M. L. Zinn



THE DEAN AND THE DELINQUENT



The Dean sat in his dungeon,

The fire flashed from his face;
And to the young curmudgeon

It seemed an awful place.

"What brought you here, O plotter?"

The monster man demands;
"It were me legs, great Spotter,

Mc legs—but at your hands.

Unwillingly I came here,
No joy expect to find;
I really wish me legs, sir,
Had left meself behind!"

FRESHMAN BABY DISTURBS THE SOPHOMORE

7

As the Junior stepped out of the library his eye fell upon a boy whose face had a far-away, longing expression. "Well, now! What's the matter?" he asked, slapping the boy on the back. "Sighing for more worlds to conquer?"

"No," answered the Sophomore, viciously, "I'm just sighing for one more chance to lick a Freshman before I die."

"Humph! is that all?" asked the disappointed Junior. "You've been moping around here for the past month and I thought you were going to write a poem. And it's only the Freshmen! I'll tell you, my boy, you come over to my room with me and we'll talk it over. I've been all along there."

They walked together in silence to the Junior's room. The Sophomore was given the only available chair, while his friend contented himself with a pile of books.

"I know," the Junior began in a solemn tone, "its hard to go down in the strength of one's youth before the arm of an insolent stripling. But you're not a Freshie any longer, my boy, and you ought to know when you're beaten. Take your—"

"Now, see here!" flashed the Sophomore, "you and I've always been friends and I hate to lick you, but I'll have to unless you quit abusing us."

The Junior looked at the slender youth and decided to quit.

"But now, Hal," he said in soothing tones, "you know they got ahead of you. You hadn't many fights but they were decisive. Just tell me the times you came out ahead."

"At their first party," was the prompt answer, "we got their banner and wore pieces of it next day."

"But they got them back in that scrap before chapel," put in the Junior.

"Well, but they got the worst of it," answered Hal; "they got the ethical that was intended for us, when they were caught trying to raise their banner on the flag-pole."

"Next," said the Junior.

"We won out the night of the girls' reception to the track team," was the answer. "We were having a party, too, and had fixed a box of candy to send to Churchill to show we appreciated his pluck. In the meantime a detachment of Freshies had been giving us a serenade while a few others sneaked around back and stole our candy. Wasn't that a mean trick?"

"The man who did that must have been awful little," chuckled the knowing Junior.

"But we acted like Christian gentlemen," resumed the Sophomore, "and took the box over. You should have heard the howl those conscience-stricken wretches set up! 'The Sophs are coming!' We heard every tone from the

deep bass of Brennen to the high treble of some girl. That howling mob pressed to the door ready to tear us in pieces and when they learned our errand you should have seen their feathers fall!"

"Now, Hal," drawled the Junior, "you don't mean to call those pretty Freshmen girls a 'howling mob!

"Well, of course—"

"Yes, of course," and they both laughed.

"But they beat you Field Day," continued the Junior.

"Yes, the Freshies got the beer-mug," was the terse answer.

"But perhaps it wasn't quite fair to you," explained his friend. "There were such a lot of husky fellows in that class,—all-round athletes, too. Why, they had five men in the football team. Or was it six?"

The Sophomore ignored the question, "That's no explanation," he said sadly, "I think it's the girls. They make regular fools of those boys. What fellow wouldn't risk his neck for an hour to get petted the rest of his natural life?"

"Aren't your girls loyal?" asked the astonished Junior.

"Our girls have sense, sir!" was the haughty answer. "Loyal? Yes; they have a basket ball team, and are still keeping up the struggle with the Freshies. Both have fine teams. There may be interesting times when things come to a crisis."

"Wish there would. This year has been dreadfully dull. It's your fault, though. We entertained them and they us. Mr. and Mrs. Cajori gave them two receptions and never a Soph showed up. Guess the reason is that they finished you up—" The Junior dodged a well-aimed dictionary.

"It's foolishness to fight," sagaciously said the Sophomore, "when there's nothing to fight about."

There was a long silence, then Hal began to laugh.

"It's too funny," he said, "that when Prof. Cajori resigned, they should have for their class officer the very man of all the faculty who has sounded the lowest depths of Freshman folly. And he doesn't mince words telling what he knows, either."

"It's the irony of fate," said the Junior. "I tell you," he straightened up and pushed his fingers thro' his long fair hair, "Freshmen are necessary evils. No man who hasn't gone through that stage is worth shucks. And it's the duty of you Sophs to see that the green wood is seasoned—if you can. If they refuse to be seasoned, there your responsibility ends.

"One reason why they are so hard to season is because of the variety of the material. Now, they have intellectual giants and physical wonders and all intermediate stages. Their president, a fine little fellow, can write an epic or give a fighting exhibition with equal ease. They have a vice president who is a good scholar, a charming girl and an accomplished actress. The girls defy description. They are bright, pretty and marvelous talkers. Their boys have an equally broad range of accomplishments. Yes, you have a hard job."

"Maybe," replied the Soph. "We'll see. But they really did show eleverness in selecting their class colors, didn't they? Green and white; white is for innocence, a characteristic Freshman trait, and the green—well, that's obvious."

THE SPECIAL CLASS

Colors

Any old part or parts of the rainbow

Yell

(After diligent search for a quarter of a century we have been unable to find any yell in existence.) Class Officer.....Supposed to be Prof. Strieby Those whom we think to be officers, are: President Miss Mc Millan Vice-President Miss Hill

Class Roll

Secretary-Treasurer C. C. MILLER

Miss Kate Heizer Miss Grace S. Barker Miss Elizabeth Brooks Miss Eleanor Hill Carl S. Chamberlain Dr. Hanna T. Muir Earl C. Cleveland Chase W. Kelley Glenville A. Collins Chas. F. Mattern Miss May Coolbaugh Miss Ruth McMillan W. S. DeWitt C. C. Miller Theo. M. Fisher Jno. E. Gimperling, Jr. Ernest Meding 57

Miss Dorothy Osborne Arthur H. Prior. Chas. A. Reno Miss Ada Roodhouse W. H. Seyberth Miss Verita Slaughter E. B. Sollenberger Miss E. B. Thompson Bert G. Williams

THE SPECIAL CLASS



With the wonderful growth of Colorado College in the past few years, as the student body has grown steadily larger and more cosmopolitan, there has naturally been evolved that universal adjunct of larger university life—the special student.

Colorado Springs has for years held the proud position of the intellectual center of the West. "The Athens of the West" is the title often bestowed upon our beautiful "City of Sunshine" nestled at the foot of Pike's Peak. And in the fostering of this intellectual spirit, in the building up of a city of beautiful homes and magnificent churches and schools, and thereby attracting to it as residents people from all parts of the country, no single influence has been greater perhaps, than that of Colorado College. And hence the student body no longer numbers only students from this and neighboring states—but now contains representatives from almost every part of the country. And while this is true of the student body as a whole, it is particularly so with the Special Class, and every succeeding year finds an increasing number taking advantage of the facilities that the college offers for work in special lines. These facilities are increasing year by year. To the Economic and English departments and an excellent Conservatory of Music, which have always proved attractive to the Special Student, has now been added a School of Engineering, made possible by the erection of the new Science Building.

In every department of study, and in every phase of college life the Special Student has ever taken an active part, and the present class is no exception. The class this year is, in fact, the largest in the history of the College. Its composition is broadly cosmopolitan, and ranges from the graduate student who is adding a few "special" touches to his mental equipment, to the poor fellow who is having a "specially" hard time to get out of the Freshman class. There are artists, musicians, mathematicians, linguists, scientists, historians. In athletics, too, we are not without our representatives, while many of our members are prominent in the work of the various literary societies.

In a social way, the history of the Special Class during the past year has been uneventful. Naturally, acquaint-ances were made slowly, and it was not until the beginning of the second semester, that an auspicious beginning was made with our charming president as hostess, and we now know what good "fellows" we all are. Furthermore, we all have one foot—not in the grave—but in one of the other classes (by request of the Dean) and this enables us to keep on the edge at least, of the social whirl.

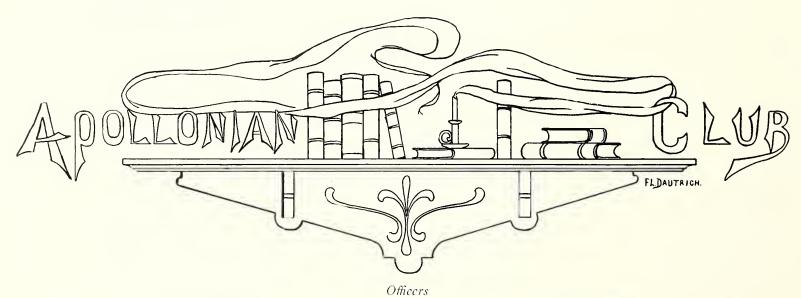
In conclusion, the Special Class is loyal to the Black and Gold. We are one with every other student in our desire to see our old C. C. stand in the forefront, in debate, in oratory, in scholarship, in athletics, and we stand ever ready to resent any attempt to "twist the tiger's tail."



Out of the door the Freshmen go, Right on the point of Caj's toe.



BREANIZATIONS



O Mice 10						
First Semester	Second Semester					
President	President F. A. Pettibone					
Vice-President	Vice-President C. H. English					
Secretary W. L. Hogg	Secretary B. F. CLEVERLY, JR.					
Treasurer T. C. Hunt	TreasurerB. G. WILLIAMS					
Sergeant-at-Arms B. Wasley	Sergeant-at-Arms W. H. NEAD					

Members

Bybee	Forbush	Hunter	Lake	Nead	Roberts
Churchill	Gardner	Ingersoll	Lamb	Patten	Tucker
Cleverly	Hogg	Johnston	McClintock	Pettibone	Wasley
English	Howell	Jonson	Mattern	Platt	Williams
Finger	Hunt	Keplinger	Mitchell	Randolph	



THE APOLLONIAN CLUB

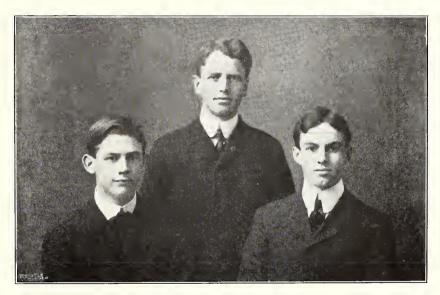
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The Apollonian Club made its appearance upon the scene of College activities in the year 1890. During its early years it had a hard struggle for life but the enthusiasm and example of its members enabled it to get upon firm footing, and from then until the present it has been very successful in its line of work.

Aside from the regular weekly work it occasionally takes a night off for other less serious matters. Each year it has a banquet, senior night, a ginger champagne and pretzel spread and is each year introducing innovations. To its work and direct influence the College owes the inter-society and inter-state debates, the first of the latter being held in 1898 with the University of Nebraska.

The sympathy and aid of the Apollonian Alumni, which now numbers in the nineties, has been a determining factor in its progress. As an evidence of what its members have been doing, it might be said, that of the nine men, who in the last three years have represented the College against the University of Nebraska, seven have been Apollonians.

This year has been a very successful one with the club. Sincere work and unified effort have enabled it to win the annual debate with Pearsons', while its past record has won for it many promising men. Its work in the past precludes the possibility of anything less in the future. With an organization as with the individual, a successful past postulates a glorious future. None of its members will be satisfied with anything less and their efforts, combined with example and precedent, will assure the club of good things yet to come.



INTER SOCIETY CHAMPIONS, 1902-03.



Ruth Hoagland Jean Ingersoll Margaret Isham Ellen Jewett

MINERVA

OFFICERS

First Semester

Jeannette Scholz President		
Elizabeth Porter Vice-President		
Eva Canon Secretary		
Jean Ingersoll Treasurer		
Alwina Beyer Factotum		
Second Semester		
Elizabeth Porter President		
Louise Dunbar Vice-President		
Jean Ingersoll Şecretary		
Clara Hall Treasurer		
Mable Barbee Factotum		

Colors Turquoise Blue and White

MINERVA'S ROLL.

Ada Armstrong Nannie Mae Armstrong Mable Barbee Alwina Beyer Eva Canon Annie Clough

Ada Johnson Emma Leidigh Elizabeth Lockhart Ruth McMillan Katrina Hayden
Ethel Harrington
Alice McKinnie
Emily Palmer
Elizabeth Porter

Katrina Hayden
Ethel Harrington

Yna R
Ruth F
Elizabeth Porter

Jessie

Yna Reinhardt Ruth Ragan Jessie Smith Jeannette Scholz

Clara Cowing Lois Crane Louise Dunbar Clara Hall



Lottie Starbird Mable Stark Annie Towle Grace Thompson Cora Wilcox



THE GEYSER

To move about is much more nicer Than down to sit upon a geyser;

I know it is,
Because, Gee Whiz!
I've tried the biz.

MINERVA HISTORY



The present generation of Minerva has the advantage of the history and the record of eleven years of work and pleasure as a foundation for present effort and enthusiasm. Each year adds something to the worth of this foundation, as the Society sets for itself higher ideals and strives more earnestly to give a purer literary tone to the meetings. The most serious literary work yet attempted has been done in the preparation and execution of a series of programmes which deal with subjects relating to modern fiction and to our own economic and social relations at home and abroad. The study of national and international politics and customs has been particularly thorough and interesting. Minerva is not without musical genius, and this fact has been of great value and pleasure to the programmes.

Socially, the year began with the annual dance, given early in the semester in honor of the new girls. In spite of the unfriendly elements, the study, tastefully decorated in blue and white—the Society colors—was filled with a merry troop of girls, to whom the time passed all too quickly in "tripping the light, fantastic toe" to the "inspiring strains" of the dreamy waltz and the spirited two-step. Minerva punch and delicious ice—the appreciated gift of the Alumnae—were served throughout the evening.

Unusual expectancy and terror were excited in the new girls by the initiation and forced introduction to the bloody skull and cross bones and many other sweet horrors. The results were appalling, hysterics being but a mild effect. Yet none of the girls regret the event since the Initiation meant in its real significance an intimate introduction to the true spirit of friendship which has always characterized Minerva and Minervans. As a consolation, the "old girls" gave a spread to the new members. Toasting marshmellows and the names of the new girls in candle-light was one of the most delightful features of the evening. Although ginger champagne, Welsh rarebit, olives and pretzels added materially to the jolly good time. The height of Minerva's social ambition and formality is realized in the Annual Minerva Function, which is given at Yule Tide. This is the eagerly anticipated event of the social year and consists of an high-tea, served progressively in an elaborate manner. Mrs. Urdahl's charming songs made a fitting close for a most enjoyable evening. The Study was attractive with decorations of Christmas greens and the soft, warm light which came from the candelabra placed on each table.

A source of constant help and inspiration for present Minervans comes from a large and well-organized Alumnae, who do all manner of desirable things, in entertaining us both in a literary and social way. Their financial aid, too, in establishing a fund for the long-cherished club house is an incentive to untiring effort. They are, in fact, an embodiment of the significance of the Society pin.

"Once a Minervan, always a Minervan."



DeWitt

Bull

PEARSONS

Officers

First Semester.

-				
President	W. D. Van Nostran			
Vice-President	Fred L. Sager			
Secretary	Phidellah D. Rice			
Treasurer	Wm. E. Hunter			
Sergeant-at-Arms	Lester S. Bale			
Second Semester.				
President	O. D. Sherer			
Vice-President	Donald DeWitt			
Secretary	J. Harold Nash			
Treasurer	Robert M. Work			
Sergeant-at-Arms	W. D. Van Nostran			

Colors

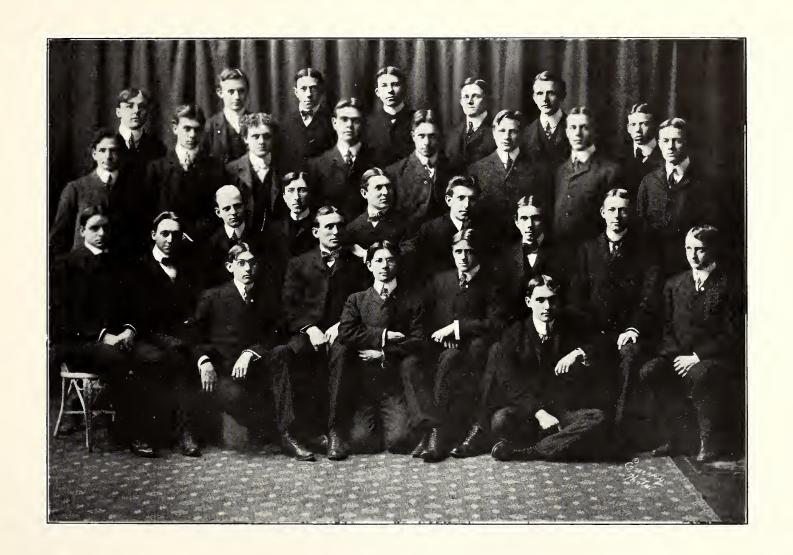
Purple and Old Gold

3/2

PEARSONS ROLL

Hawley	Lowry	Sager
Houk	Montgomery	Shaw Sherer
Hunter	Nash	Van Nostrar
Johnson	Pardee	Vories
Kelley Leighton	Reed Rice	Wallrich
Loud	Rever	Willis Work

Hardy



TRUTH

One time a fool
Was sent to school
To learn some sense
And clear the dense
Delusion from
His cranium;—
This is no lie:
That fool was I.

PEARSONS HISTORY

•

The early life of our Society with its struggles and sucesses, has now been given to the reader of the Annual for the third time. How some four years ago a few fellows came together for the purpose of organizing another society that would both stimulate College life and literary interest among those students who were not already in Society work. Difficulties were met from the start. There was already a strong Society in College and good men were hard to find, yet our men never lost confidence in the ultimate success of their work and Pearsons Society stands today as a monument to their earnest efforts.

The prize we hold most highly is the old motto "Unity and Push." This has been and is a characteristic of Pearsons. Here College interests are held above Society, yet Society interests above the individual's, and there is a fraternal bond existing among our members which can only be realized where each fellow has a mutual interest. Therefore, we seek "unity" first and utmost, then "push."

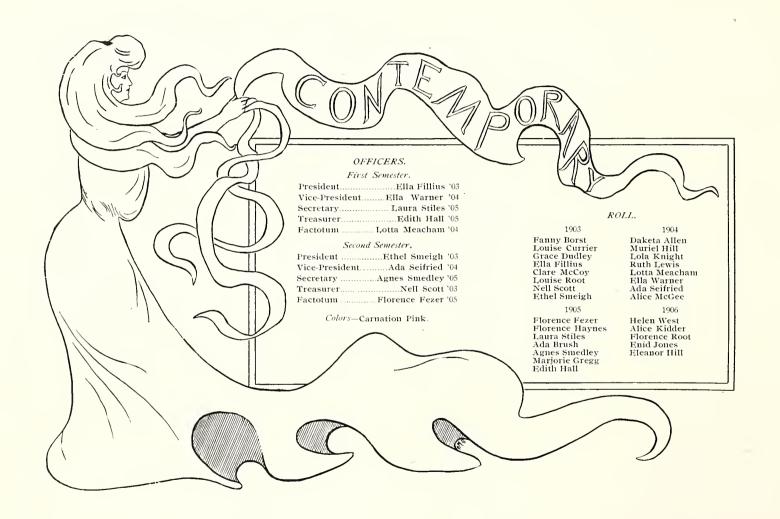
In reviewing the last year, we have every reason to be thankful and we believe we can honestly say that we are a leading Society in work, membership and social position.

Since the last edition of the Annual we have held two debates with the Apollonians. The first was won by us, and while the second was decided in favor of the rival Society, thus giving them again equal honors with us, yet Pearsons is proud and justly so of the men who represented her on that evening, and looks into the future with no fear. In the Memorial Day oratorical contest a Pearsons man took one of the first places. The College was represented in the State Oratorical contest by Pearsons men, while in the Inter-State debate all three men are from our Society. It is only fair, however, to say that in this last case the Apollonians refused for some reason to try for positions on the team.

While we have lost many good men not only through graduation, but also because some have gone to other Institutions, we have been extremely fortunate in securing new material and we are today well represented in every branch of College life—in the Oratorical Association, Tiger, Y. M. C. A., Glee and Mandolin Clubs, as well as on the Diamond, Gridiron, Tennis and Basket Ball courts.

Socially, we have had a busy year. The Banquet given in March at the Alamo was the best ever given by the Society. Although it was held on a Pearsons Night, forty couple spent the evening with never a care for the wind or snow, and I A. M. came only too soon. Twice we have entertained the ladies and each time we thoroughly enjoyed it.

We trust that this new year will bring even better results than the one just past, and it is with a friendly hand that we welcome the Miltonians, for we believe that the more genuine Society work done in College the better it will be for the individual, for the existing Societies and for the College in general.





THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB

"The Omar Club men set their hearts upon,
Turns ashes or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the *Desert's face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

(After the Old Boy Himself.)
*South Hall.

CONTEMPORARY CLUB



In 1899 Contemporary Club was organized by a number of girls who felt the need of another literary society for the young women of Colorado College. Its purpose is to "enable its members to sustain an interest in contemporaneous things." The first years were spent almost entirely in perfecting the Constitution and in adapting it to the needs of a rapidly growing club.

The programmes were of a more purely literary nature at first, but finding that the results were not wholly satisfactory, it was decided to take one broad subject, finishing it, before taking up another. So far the Club has studied the political and social conditions of the United States and of the leading countries of Europe. From time to time, Mesdames Slocum, Skelton, Ahlers and Miss Loomis have talked entertainingly to the Club, offering many valuable suggestions for the work. Sometimes the programmes consist entirely of musical numbers; and occasionally part of the hour is given up to parliamentary drill. A lady of the faculty usually criticizes the programmes.

So much for Contemporary's work; for her play, she has her reception to the new girls in the fall, her German for her new members, her little spreads for the Club alone; in the spring she is formally at home, to a number of friends, entertaining them with a musicale or a reading.

For the future the Club hopes to make its programmes better, and its work more efficient and to help to develop the well-poised woman of whom Colorado College may be proud.



The Miltonian Bociety.

Officers

First Semester

President D. R. Slauson		
Vice-President J. W. Horn		
Secretary and Treasurer G. A. Collins		
Censor F. E. Willett		
Second Semester		
President W. E. Hester		
Vice-President J. W. Horn		
Secretary and Treasurer F. E. Tomlin		
Censor F. E. Willett		

Members

G. A. Collins, Special

J. W. Horn, '05

W. E. Hester, '05

H. B. Killough, '05

C. C. Miller, Special

O. P. Riordan, 'o6

D. R. Slauson, '03

Wm. Strickler, '04

F. M. Roberts, 'o6

F. E. Tomlin, 'o6

F. E. Willitt, '05

MILTONIAN

3/2

In the fall of 1901 the need of a new Literary Society in Colorado College was felt. On December 13th several men assembled in Room 12, Perkins, and discussed the idea of a new Literary Society. After a canvass of the students outside of existing societies it was found that there were enough who were willing to undertake this difficult task in order to make it a success. It was not, however, until January 31st, 1902, that the organization was effected, the constitution was adopted and "Miltonian" chosen as the name of the Society.

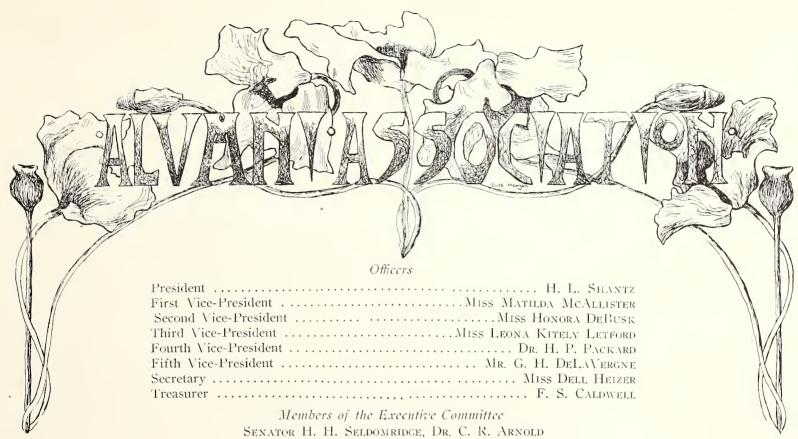
Although only a half year lay before them, they did good work. The dozen men were determined to make it a success and each one was faithful and devoted to his work. Every effort was well rewarded. A representative of the Society won first place in the preliminary for the State Oratorical contest within a month after they had organized, and in the annual Oratorical contest between the Pearsons and the Miltonian Societies, which occurs on May 30th, the Miltonians again won first place.

This year the work of the Society has been of a fine quality. The Society was represented in the preliminary for the State Oratorical contest by Mr. F. E. Tomlin of the class of 'o6, who did himself justice and showed that the Society was able to hold its own with the older Societies.

We expect to debate with the Forensic Club of the State Agricultural School this spring, and if possible, it is the intention of the two Societies to hold such a debate annually.

The Miltonian Literary Society is the youngest society in the College. Its purpose is mainly an intellectual one. By this we do not mean that the social side of college life is not developed, but on the other hand the aim of the Society is to develop both the social and the literary. In a few years Miltonian hopes to have as great a membership as the other societies, and it looks forward to as bright a future this coming year as the first year of its existence.





E. H. CARRINGTON

The President, First Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, also, are active members of the Executive Committee.

1/2

The Alumni of Colorado College some time ago reached the point where they might be counted by the hundreds and the graduation of larger classes each succeeding year for the past three or four years has swelled their numbers to the point where they should be one of the most important factors in advancing the interests of their Alma Mater.

During the last college year the Executive Committee began the agitation of better organization for definite work and left these suggestions to the present Executive Committee as a legacy. The present Committee, under the leadership of President Shantz, has taken up the work and has attained some effects already. The Committee started early in the college year to arouse the members of the Alumni Association to activity. Plans for sub-organizations to better carry on the work were outlined and a definite policy was formulated. Whether this policy will meet with the approval of the next set of officers is yet to be determined, but the Committee has not taken an arbitrary course in the matter. It has submitted its plans to the Alumni who were at hand and the suggestions have met with universal favor.

The first step in carrying out these plans was the calling of a meeting of the Alumni who live in the state. This meeting was held in Perkins Hall on the morning of Thanksgiving Day and the attendance of out-of-town Alumni was exceedingly gratifying. The plans of the Committee were laid before the meeting by F. S. Caldwell and remarks were made by A. W. McHendrie, of Trinidad, Dr. H. P. Packard, of Gillett, and Senator Seldomridge, Miss Pearl Cooper, W. M. Swift, F. R. Hastings, of the local Alumni, and President Slocum and Dr. Cajori of the faculty. Refreshments were served afterwards and a reception was tendered in the evening. The "used-to-wasers" went to the football game in the afternoon and helped in the rooting.

Since then the Committee has been working steadily and the plans are gradually being carried out. The chief object at present looked forward to is a general reunion of all the Alumni to be held the week before and during Commencement week. In connection with this general reunion there will be class reunions, literary society reunions and reunions of all the other college organizations. A baseball game between the "Has-Beens" and the regulars is on the programme. The advanced state of the work on the Science hall makes this spring peculiarly the right time for a reunion to discuss plans for advancing the interests of the college.

Another object towards which the Alumni are working is the organization of local branches in every town and city where there are two or three to be gathered together. There are already branch associations in Chicago and Denver. The Committee also wishes to get the members of the Association so interested that where there is but one C. C. alumnus in a town or city, he, or she, will consider himself, or herself, an organization of one. These branch organizations and individuals are to be kept in touch with college affairs through the general committee and will be expected to work towards getting new students, and will also be expected to look after glee clubs, football and baseball

teams, and members of the faculty who may visit their town or city, and see to it that their presence as representatives of Colorado College is made known to the public at large.

The third direct object towards which the Committee is working is to get representation for the Alumni on the Board of Trustees. This suggestion is favorably considered by Dr. Slocum and others and it is hoped that at the June meeting of the Board an alumnus will be given a seat.

The Committee has also suggested that the Alumni should have a direct voice in the management of college athletics. This suggestion has met with favor and while nothing definite has been done towards that end, the matter will receive much consideration at the annual meeting of the Association in June.

The relation between the Alumni and the student-body has heretofore consisted largely in the giving of an annual reception to the Junior and Senior classes. There has been no definite policy and no definite object towards which the Association has worked, and on this account the Alumni have not figured greatly in the onward march of the college. This is all to be changed and while it will take more than one year to accomplish the objects desired, the difference in the policy will be noticed before long. The Committee hopes that as many students as can do so will remain at the College until Commencement week in order to meet the old-timers and in order that the spirit of the occasion may be felt by grads, and under-grads, alike and all may go forth with a common purpose to work during the summer months to bring new students to the College next fall and to interest men and women in the College.

"Pike's Peak or Bust" is the motto of the Executive Committee for the Association and while they are only at the base of the mountain now, they expect to reach the top in due season.

There are 120 registered Alumni in Colorado and several hundred more in other states and different parts of the world. Exact figures are not obtainable as not all are registered. An effort will be made to have all at the reunion in June and it is expected that most of those now living in the United States will find a way to get here.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rudolph Zumstein - Obiit July 1902 Jay L. Waid - Obiit Aug. 1902 Requiescant in Pace.





THE ORATORICAL AND DEBATING ASSOCIATION



Officers.

President	1. C	. Hardy
Vice-President	W. 1	Hogg
Secretary-Treasurer	Р.	D. RICE



The Colorado College Oratorical and Debating Association was organized in its present form during the year of 1897-98 in order to make arrangements for the first debate with the University of Nebraska, which had been secured for the College by the Apollonian Club. That year and the next the only work done by the Association was to conduct the two debates, of which Colorado College lost one and won one. In the winter of 1900 it was decided to re-enter the State Oratorical Association, from which the College had withdrawn in 1897, and since that time the Association has had full charge of all the local arrangements for these contests. Each year a preliminary debate and a local oratorical contest are held, at which men are chosen to represent Colorado College in the final contests.

Every student of Colorado College is *ipso facto* a member of the Oratorical and Debating Association. The officers, president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, are elected each fall at the opening of College, and constitute an executive committee which has general supervision over the work of the Association. Funds for carrying on the contests are provided by assessments on the whole student body or by admission charges to the contest itself.

On account of the largely routine character of its work, the meetings of the Association attract but little attention from the students in general and thus the control is almost entirely in the hands of those directly interested in either debating or oratory. For this reason the interest and enthusiasm manifested in these two activities is apt to be less than that in other branches of College activity.



OFFICERS

President P. B. Stewart
Vice-President M. W. Jonson
Secretary W. D. Van Nostran
Treasurer Atherton Noyes

BOARD

Faculty Members

L. A. E. Ahlers H. A. Smith M. F. Coolbaugh Atherton Noyes

College Members

H. L. McClintock, '03 F. A. Pettibone, '04 W. E. Hester, '05 W. G. Johnston, '06

Executive Committee

C. H. Mallon Philip B. Stewart L. L. Aitken
Prof. L. A. E. Ahlers W. K. Jewett
James P. Shearer



OFFICERS

President		 	Prof	. Loud
Vice-Presi	dent	 	Prof.	Shedd
Secretary		 	Prof.	Cajori
Treasurer		 	Mr. F	attison

Not long ago Colorado welcomed the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This is the great National congress for bringing together the seekers for truth in all departments, affording an opportunity for the geologist to meet with the astronomer, for the chemist to converse with the economist, and for all to become acquainted with those aspects of the specialty of each which are attracting attention to the field of the newest conquests for human knowledge. A local company of investigators needs similar and more frequent opportunities for conference and mutual stimulus. In Colorado Springs there is a fairly large community of men and women, of whom the college faculty forms a part, whose keen delight is in the discovery of truths of nature,—be they physical, geological, medical, psychological, social or what not. Each in his own way, however humble he may deem it, is helping to perfect the intellectual empire of mankind over the universe. It is one of the chief functions of the Colorado College Scientific Society to offer a magnet for these minds, to draw them together in acquaintance for their mutual encouragement and enrichment.

The papers read at the meetings of the Society, on the last Friday of each month, are usually of a popular charac-

ter, and attract audiences that do not claim professional acquaintance with the particular topics treated. More technical essays find their way into the annual publication, "Colorado College Studies." This has included classical criticism and philological research, mathematical analysis, description of new palaeontological species, and careful papers on public economy and finance. Appreciative notices both in America and abroad, and encomiums of specialists have encouraged the contributors, while numerous valuable publications are received each year by the College Library as exchanges.

This is one of those societies in which the office of secretary is the essential nucleus,—the heart of the organism. The president has his duties, and so has the treasurer,—though those of the latter expose him to no temptation to flee to Canada with the funds. But the secretary has principal charge of publication, and exercises a general protective oversight. It has been the good fortune of the society to retain from its organization in 1890 until now the same secretary, who was one of its original founders—Professor F. Cajori, now dean of the School of Engineering.





Officers

President	E. J. Lake
Vice-President	A. S. Ingersol
Secretary-Treasurer	W A LEIGHTON

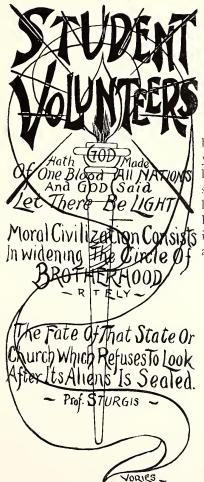
Executive Committee

Ernest Brehaut W. A. Leighton J. H. Nash



TENNIS

More and more tennis is becoming *the* popular sport of the college at large. This is no doubt due to the fact that so many have an opportunity to engage actively in it, a large majority of whom find it impossible to enter into more violent forms of exercise, as football and baseball. Our membership this year is about seventy-five, which we hope to increase to one hundred in the near future. Last spring we held a successful tournament which we hope to duplicate this coming spring. Two new courts are being built west of the old ones, which will give ample room for all who may wish to enter. It is our plan to send representatives to Boulder to compete for the State championship.



THE VOLUNTEER BAND

Members

Miss O. F. Smith, '02; O. D. Sherer, '03; W. M. Vories, '04.

It becomes our sad duty to record the death of one of our number, who was declared by President Slocum to be one of the noblest young men that ever attended Colorado College. Not ashamed of any honest work, a faithful student, and contagiously cheerful, Mr. Zumstein, 'oo, made for himself an enviable record while in college. Later he went to the Philippines, where, in company with Mr. Wells, 'oı, he was teaching school in the province of Nagcarlong with characteristic success. However, the climate there proved too trying; he became a victim of the cholera, and died on July 17, 1902.



While we are few in numbers, our Band represents a movement that is world-wide. For there are similar organizations throughout the student world, whose motto is "The Evangelization of the World in this generation." The membership is composed of those who believe that Christ's command to "go into all the world" was given to be obeyed, and who mean to apply it to themselves. Any student becomes a member by signing the following declaration: "It is my purpose, if God permits, to become a foreign missionary." The Band holds regular meetings, carries on individual work among the students, and does some work among the churches of the community.

Two of our alumni members are already active in the foreign field, and others will soon be ready to follow; while some are now working in the home field. Mr. Philip Gillett, '99, is at work in Korea as general secretary for the Y. M. C. A.; and Mr. Ralph C. Wells, '01, is in China, where he has received an appointment as instructor in chemistry at the Presbyterian college in Tung Chow.



THE Y. M. C. A.

Officers

President O. D. Sherer
Vice-President A. C. Hardy
Treasurer T. C. Hunt
Recording Secretary A. E. Mitchell
Corresponding Secretary W. E. Hester



The Y. M. C. A. has a membership of sixty-five this year. The first work of importance was in trying to render some service to the new students during the opening week of the college year. One evening of this week was devoted to a "stag" social attended by 80 students. Apples, peanuts and various contests made the evening a very enjoyable one. A dull saw, a knotty plank, and two rival stalwart wood sawyers, representing the Freshmen and Sophomore classes, caused a great deal of excitement and merriment.

Missionary and Bible classes were early organized. The missionary class has had an average attendance of five at each meeting. Four classes in Bible Study with an enrollment of thirty meet every Sabbath in Hagerman Hall. These classes have done a great deal of good, and have been the foundation of the work in the other departments. Prayers are held at 6:40 p. m. each evening in the reading room of Hagerman Hall. From eight to twenty usually attend. The Sunday afternoon meetings are devoted to a discussion of student problems or to addresses by able speakers; Field Secretary Ward of Chicago, Dr. Forman of India, and others have delivered helpful addresses.

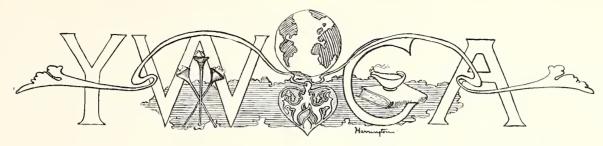
The Association entertained twenty-three delegates from the colleges of this state to a convention held here in November.

A new feature of this year's work was a gymnasium class, meeting three times a week for three months, and supported by the Association. Out of this has grown a basket ball team which made creditable records against Pueblo, Denver and the University of Nebraska. These classes afforded opportunity for needed physical training, gave many fellows a correct view of the Association, and brought the city and college organizations into closer touch. Eighty dollars were expended in this way.

The Association claims a right to exist because it turns out men of exceptional character and ability. High aims make the right kind of men. The Association firmly believes that obedience to the teachings of Jesus Christ produces the best men. It strives to make real the brotherhood of man under His leadership. Its motto, "Body, Mind and Spirit," means that it stands for vigorous health, keen intelligence and spiritual-mindedness. The Association has tried to make these aims living facts.

It is interesting to note the role the Association has played in college life during the past five years. Six of the eight winners of the Oratorical contests, ten of the fifteen Colorado-Nebraska debaters, sixteen of the twenty-four Inter-Society debaters, five of the six editors of the Tiger, all four editors of the Annual, seventeen of the twenty presidents of the Pearsons and Apollonian Societies, five of the six presidents of the Oratorical Association, two of the three captains of the foot ball teams, eight of the sixteen stars on the foot ball teams, two of the five captains of the baseball teams, six of the fourteen stars of the baseball teams, all four winners of the Perkins Prize Scholarship, twenty-one of the twenty-six honor men: All these have been connected with the Association. These organizations furnish a fair basis for comparing Association with non-Association men. The former have constituted fifty per cent of the young men in college, and out of the 151 points mentioned above, have won 106 as against 45 points won by non-Association men. These facts go to show that the Association has something to do with the development of ability, and that it is worthy of the active and consistent support of the most capable men.





Officers

President Louise W. Currier
Vice-President Grace Dudley
Secretary Eva Canon
Corresponding Secretary Jean Ingersoil
Treasurer Eleanor Stephens
Auditor Priscilla Sater



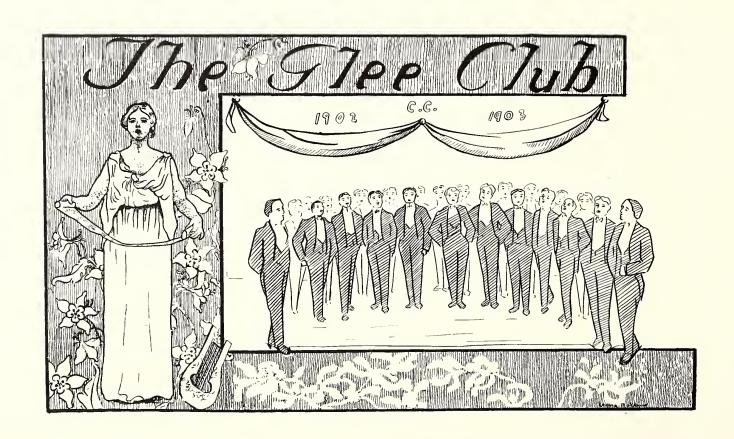
The Young Women's Christian Association of Colorado College is an organization of the young women of both College and Academy.

The purpose is to bind the girls together so that by co-operation and fellowship they may more nearly live the Christ life, and to propagate and strengthen the spirit of Christian living among the young women. It is earnestly desired to create a deeper spirit of prayer by making the cabinet meetings prayer circles and not merely business meetings and by encouraging the girls to have a quiet time alone each day with Christ. The Association stands for the best things in college life and especially for honesty in the class room, purity of language and kindness of speech.

The fall abounded in active work among Association members. As far as possible, all trains were met in order that new students might receive a warm welcome. Receptions were tendered the new arrivals and definite attempts were made to interest all young women in the work of the Association.

Throughout the year the girls were given opportunities to make themselves useful. Six families received Thanksgiving dinners. Christmas boxes were sent to New Mexico and to the Indian children at Santee, Nebraska. Miss Anna Wood, at the China Inland Mission, is partially supported by funds from the Association.

Miss MacCorkle, the state secretary, gave help and inspiration during her two weeks stay at the College. In endeavoring to carry on successfully the work in all departments, one can but repeat again "Not by might nor by power, but my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."





THE COLORADO COLLEGE GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS

Officers

W. C. Bybee	President
J. H. Nash	Secretary
W. A. Leighton	Treasurer
Samuel Jessop	. Director
E. H. CARRINGTON	



GLEE CLUB.

First Tenor

E. H. Carrington W. C. Bybee

Ray Shaw

Second Tenor

C. E. English

E. C. Cleaveland

A. D. Forbush F. L. Tomlin

First Bass

A. S. Ingersoll

- Samuel Jessop

R. C. Bull

J. M. Platt

Second Bass

Robt. M. Work

D. R. Slauson

C. H. Howell

W. F. Lowry

Fred Dautrich

MANDOLIN CLUB.

J. H. Nash ... Leader

Miss Wolfington . Director

First Mandolins

I. H. Nash

H. D. Sill

E. Meding

E. C. Cleaveland

Second Mandolins

C. F. Bishop

E. E. Reyer.

Donald DeWitt

Guitar

R. C. Bull

Cello

Fred Dautrich

Banjo

J. M. Platt

THE GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS



The Young Men's Glee and Mandolin Clubs is an organization of the musically inclined men of the college. It was started six years ago with sixteen members. At first there was just the glee club without the mandolin club, but in later years the instrumental part has become as important as the other. The clubs have for several years toured the state together. In the season of 1899-1900 they went as far south as Santa Fe, New Mexico. In 1900-'or they went north to Laramie, Wyoming. The longest trip was taken last year when they went to Ogden, Utah, coming home via Cheyenne, Wyoming. This trip was about 1800 miles in length and covered two weeks and a half.

The number of men carried is from about twenty to twenty-three or four. There are fifteen in the glee club and ten in the mandolin club this year, some of the men being in both clubs. Besides those who sing or play, the club carries a reader and a porter. Mr. Rice was the reader last year and will occupy the same position this year.

The concerts consist of songs, readings, instrumental pieces and solos. There is always plenty of college fun in the programme but just enough serious work is attempted to show that even college men can be serious once in a while.

The education derived from a Glee Club trip is considerable. Psychology tells us that a trip abroad is equivalent to a college education because it develops our collateral nerve fibres and allows a greater number of sensations to be perceived. So it is with a Glee Club trip though it is in less degree, not being so extensive. The scenery along the routes of the Club is grand, being the best in Colorado, and Colorado has some of the most wonderful scenery in the world. Besides the scenery there are the people. The men are placed in individual homes wherever possible, so that they have an opportunity to come in contact with a great many different kinds of people. They must, like Paul, "resolve to be all things to all men" if they would leave kindly feelings behind them and create a favorable impression toward the college which they represent. The culture gained in learning to adjust oneself to these various situations is equal, if not superior to that obtained from any technical study.

Besides the value of the Glee Club trip to the individual members, the value to the college is very great. It is, in fact, the best advertiser the college has. The men go right into the homes of the people of this state and they can reach them in a direct personal way that is impossible in any other system of advertising.

We can read about a man for a year, and learn about his character, etc., but let us be in his presence fifteen minutes and we will know far more about him and have a far more vivid recollection of him than all our year's reading gave us. So it is with the college. If people can see and entertain a representative of the college they will have a far more vital and personal interest in it than any amount of literature can give them. So the Glee Club of this year while expecting to get run and education out of the trip, wants primarily to be loyal to "our dear C. C."





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



President	
Secretary	Ruth A. Ragan
Manager	Elizabeth Rouark
Director	Samuel Jessop

of the off

First Soprano

Anna Arthur Clara M. Hall Lucretia F. Whitehead Enid L. Jones Helen L. Morrow Harriette A. Sater A. Evlyn Shuler Ruthella Hummer Corinne C. Tuckerman

First Alto

Pearl I. Beard Nell Hawley Ruth A. Ragan Gertrude E. Correll Second Soprano

Annie M. Clough Ellen Jewett Clara B. Orr Elizabeth Rouark Anna E. Towle Jeannette Welch

Second Alto

Opal Ray Agnes M. Smedley S. Josephine Work Ida B. Williams Mabel A. Barbee

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Probably never before in the history of Colorado College has the Girls' Glee Club become so important a factor as now. Considering its advantages and disadvantages, it has, indeed, deservedly won the reputation it now enjoys.

The work and example of last year have enthused its members to increased activity, and as a result we have, this year, a Glee Club, well organized, well directed, and creditable to Colorado College. Each year a concert is given in Perkins Auditorium, consisting of a cantata and solo and chorus work. The programmes are rendered even more pleasing by numerous original and witty College Songs.

This Club as well as other College organizations, has its share of social life. Parties, excursions and teas were among the many amusements last year, and this year promises to be equally as gay.

Pleasure is not what we seek though, when we join the Glee Club. Each and every girl strives to do her best in laying the foundation of a musical society that will be equal to or better than any of like nature in the state.





THE PHANTOMS.

THE AMALGAMATED AND CONCENTRATED ORDER OF SHARKS

2



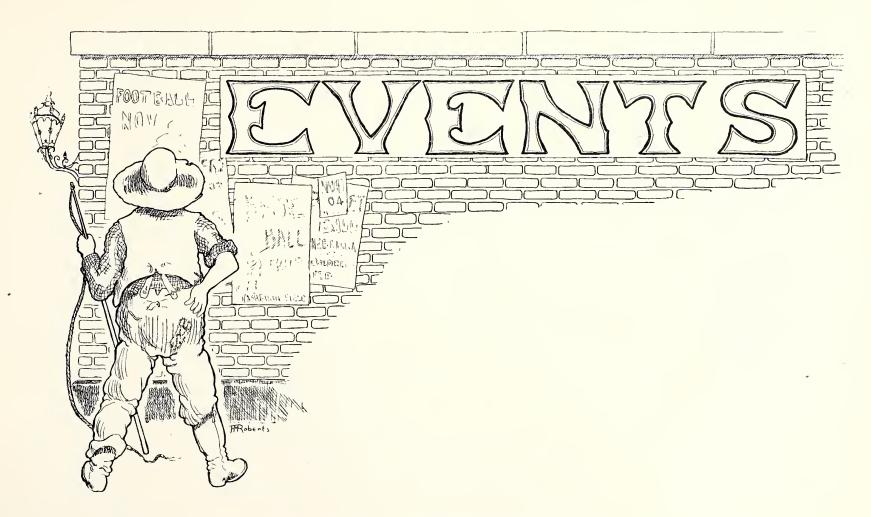
PROSPECTUS

The object of this union is to promote and conduce the very delightful habit of overstudy among students. Its demands are:

- I. The number of hours required for graduation must be doubled.
- 2. All lessons must be graded according to those given in *El Capitan Veneno* in Spanish A; and also, as in Spanish A, second year work must be required of first year students.
- 3. All students must have spent at least 600 evenings studying till 1:30 A. M. before they are given their degree.
- 4. Any student flunking in one recitation must be suspended, and upon repetition of the offense must be expelled.
 - 5. All grafters must be fired.

(Published at request of Sec'y-Treas.)





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB CONCERTS.



Perkins Hall, April 17, 1902	Perkins Hall, Merch 31, 1903.
PROGRAMM.E	PROGRAMME
Part I. Cantata—"The Lady of Shalott"Bendell Soprano Solo	Part I. 1—"The Fishermaidens" (Cantata) Smart Solos, Misses Jones, Beard and Hall. GLEE CLUB
Part II.	Violin Solo Miss Lola Bevan
Part Song—"Peggy"	Part II. —"Jack Frost" Hatton GLEE CLUB
Mrs. G. H. Crampton. College Songs— (a)—"The Wail of the Weary Wakeful One"	2—(a)—"You Stole My Love"
After Nevin (b)—"Tell Me, Verdant Freshman"After Floradora	3—"Wreath Ye the Steps" Schumann GLEE CLUB
(c)—"We've an Inkling"After Floradora Girls' Glee Club.	4—"Erin! the Tear and the Smile"
Song—"Oh, That We Two Were Maying"Nevin Mrs. Garrison	5—"Huntsmen's Chorus"
Part Song—"In Old Madrid" Girls' Glee Club.	Violin Solo Miss Lola Bevan
Song with Chorus—"Chon Kina" (Geisha) Jones Mrs. G. H. Crampton.	Part III. 1—A Group of College Songs. 2—"Colorado Hail"
Chorus"The Lost Chord" Sullivan	GLEE CLUB

April 29, 1902

MENU

Little Neck Clams Bouillon

Oueen Olives

Sliced Tomatoes

Broiled Lake Trout, Maitre d'Hotel

Sweet Bread Patties

Punch au Creme de Menthe

Roast Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms

Potato Croquettes

Asparagus en Branche

Chicken Salad

Neapolitan Ice Cream

Assorted Cake

Fruits

Edam and Roquefort Cheese

Water Biscuits
Black Coffee

TOASTS

- I. Toastmaster E. J. Lake "For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."
- 3. The relation of the Club to College Life. R. H. Ritchie "Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings."
- 4. Our Guests L. R. Ingersoll "Straight down a crooked lane,
 And all 'round the square."

CONTEMPORARY RECEPTION



The Contemporary Club reception was held on the evening of May 14th in the Perkins Art Rooms. The three rooms were thrown together and very prettily decorated with pictures, palms, and rugs. The refreshment table in the farthest room was decorated with smilax and crimson carnations, the club flower.

Mrs. Parsons, Miss Loomis, and Miss Turk received, assisted by the members of the Club acting as a general reception committee. When all the guests had arrived, Mrs. Genevea Waters Baker gave a violin recital, with Mr. Charles Baker as accompanist. The programme was:

I. Sonata—A major
Handel
II. (a) Tone Picture
George Lehmann
(b) The Bee
Schubert
III. Allemanda Gavotte, from 1st suite
Franz Ries
IV. (a) Romance from 2nd Concerto
Weiniawski
(b) Serenade Andalouse
Godard Godard
v. Bohemienne
Vieuxtemps

After the programme ices, ice-cream, glaced fruit, and cakes were served. Mrs. Gile and Mrs. Ahlers presided at the refreshment table.



ONE OF THE THINGS RECEIVED.

MEMORIAL DAY ORATORICAL CONTEST

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

G. A. R. AND THE LOYAL LEGION

May 30, 1902.



Ι.	Organ Solo Mr. Franklin Cleverly
2.	AddressCommander Jacob Chandler,
	Colorado Springs Post, No. 22, G. A. R.
3.	Ritual Service Officers of the G. A. R.
4.	Music Girls' Glee Club
5.	Oration—"Ulysses S. Grant" Donald DeWitt, Pearsons
6.	Oration—"Lessons of the Civil War to the Young Men
	of To-day" O. D. Sherer, Pearsons
7.	Solo Mr. Geo. Crampton
8.	Oration—"The Demosthenes of America"
	Don Robinson, Miltonian
9.	Oration—"The Progress of Liberty"
	D. R. Slauson, Miltonian
Ю.	Music Girls' Glee Club
Ι.	Presentation of Prizes—
	O. D. Sherer was awarded G. A. R. prize.
	Don Robinson was awarded Loyal Legion prize.

BOHEMIAN GIRL

June 14, 16 and 18, 1902.



CAST

Count Arnheim (Governor of Pressburg)Victor Clemence
Florestein (his nephew) Harry L. Ross
Thaddeus (an exiled Polish officer)Clarence P. Dodge
Captain of the Guard Sperry S. Packard
An Officer Tracy Love
Arline(the Count's daughter) Anna Roberts
Buda (the nurse) Ethelwyn Feezer
Little Arline Arta Hartshorn
A Servant Ray Shaw
Devilshoof Geo. H. Crampton
A Gypsy Leo Bortree
Chorus of Nobles, Huntsmen, Peasants, Gypsies, Soldiers and Maskers.
ACT I Some a Crounds of Count Ambains's abetion

ACT I—Scene I—Grounds of Count Arnheim's chateau.

ACT II—Scene 1—Gypsy Encampment. Scene 2—The Fair. Scene 3—Court of Justice.

ACT III—Scene 1—Chateau of Count Arnheim.



CLASS DAY, 1902

Perkins Hall, June 17, at 10 o'clock a. m.

President's Welcome Mr. Love
Class Histories—
(a)—We and the Rest of the World Miss Kelly
(b)—We and the Faculty Miss Graber
Class Poem Mr. Ross
Statistician's Report
Presentations Miss Stoddard
Class Song Miss Raynolds
Ivy Oration Mr. Holder
Ivy Song
Planting the Ivy
CLASS OFFICERS
President Tracy R. Love
Vice-President Edith Albert
Secretary-Treasurer Jessie Hart



CLASS OF 1902.

Wednesday, June 18, 1902

3/2

Organ Solo, "Priere" (Boellman) C. W. Bowers
Invocation Rev. C. B. Wilcox
Part Songs, Elizabethan Pastorals, (a) "Sweet Love for
Me;" (b) "Corydon, Arise" C. V. Stanford
Address, "Culture and Power"
Rev. Cornelius H. Patton, D. D., St. Louis
Chorus, "May Every Joy Attend Thee,"—Lohengrin
Wagner
Statement Acting President E. S. Parsons
Presentation of Diplomas Acting President Parsons
Benediction Rev. J. O. Paisley
Organ Solo, "Toccatta" (Boellman) C. W. Bowers



CLASS OF 1902



Candidate for the Degree of Master of Arts Howard Henry Wilson

Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts

Mary Edith Albert
Reuben Henry Arnold
Marie Francis Lowell Gashwiler
Frank Hubbard Gleason
Ella Lorna Graber
Jessie Allene Hart
Newell Matson Hayden
Frederick John Heim
Ernest Lee Holden

Kate May Kitely
Bertha Mary McKinnie
Charles Terry Moore
Sperry Sidney Packard
Harry Lloyd Ross
Osie Frances Smith
Lois Virginia Stoddard
Wilma W. Turk
William Hyde Warner
Marian Kingsley Williams

Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy

Cora Edith Draper Ethelwyn Fezer Myrtle Laurella Herring Charles Wesley Hurd Euna Pearl Kelley Florence Lillian Leidigh Tracy Robinson Love

Flora Powell McGee Rufus Mead Pansy Sarah Raynolds Nelle Priscilla Sater Clara Edith Sloane Grace Darling Thompson Elizabeth Ruth Towle Charles William Weiser

Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Science

Melville Fuller Coolbaugh

Leonard Rose Ingersoll

BARBECUE COMMITTEES, '02

WILLIS E. HESTER, Chairman.

PROGRAMME COMMITTEE	CARD COMMITTEE
Franklin Cleverly, Chairman	Miss Edith Hall, Ch
Jos. Kearns	Miss Margaret Ish a n
C. A. Baker	Miss Alsena Shepard
o. II. Dane.	Miss Ione Montgom
LIGHT COMMITTEE	Miss Lola Davis
Bert Wasley, Chairman	Miss Agnes Smedley
Fred Willett	Decorating Commit
C. N. Cox, Jr.	Miss Florence Holt,
	Miss Clara Cowing
BUYING COMMITTEE	Miss Bessie Carter
M. C. Hall, Chairman	Miss Ada Brush
E. L. Hensley	Jos. P. Horn
Earl Lamb	Frank Goode

hairmau 111 dnery ITTEE Chairman FINANCE COMMITTEE Lester Bale, Chairman. Miss Laura Stiles L. C. Roberts Miss Opal Ray

Walter Nead Miss Florence Fezer Miss Clara Hall Miss Florence Haynes Ray Shaw



THE BARBECUE

GIVEN BY THE CLASS OF 1905 Washburn Field, October 31, 1902 Speech of Welcome W. E. Hester Response President Slocum Music Mandolin Club Speech Prof Ahlers Speech H. L. McClintock Music College Quartet Recitation P. D. Rice Freshman Speech J. H. Finger Supper Everybody MENU Roast Beef Roast Lamb Cider Pickles Bread PUMPKIN PIE Apples Peanuts

APOLLONIAN AND PEARSONS DEBATE

Perkins Auditorium, December 5, 1902.

Presiding Officer—Dr. Florian Cajori.



THE MINERUA FUNCTION



The Minerva function is a child of winter and of the Christmas season, when the warmth and cheer within are heightened by the cold without, and laughter ripples more gayly at the thought of vacation days just ahead. This year it came even nearer than usual to the holidays, taking place on the seventeenth of December. After being received by Miss Scholz, assisted by President and Mrs. Slocum and Miss Loomis, the guests passed into Ticknor parlors to be greeted by the Minervans and enjoy a social hour together.

After this reception, all filed down-stairs in solemn (?) procession to the study and dining-room to find their places at the little tables, candle-lighted and decked with Christmas greens. In fact, the whole atmosphere breathed of Christmas, for holly and mistletoe were scattered everywhere through the rooms. The holiday spirit entered the banqueters too, and jest and laughter floated from one table to another as at the end of each course the gentlemen "progressed" to new fields. The dainty place cards served as a basis for much favorable comment, as did also the "M's," big and little, which swung from chandeliers or peeped out from behind the plants in the windows. Blue and white reigned everywhere, the color scheme being carried out as far as possible even in the refreshments, which were delicious.

When the last course was over, Mrs. Urdahl seated herself at the piano and entertained the company by singing a number of charming German songs, to the delight of all her hearers. Finally she dropped into English with "Home, Sweet Home," and the party soon broke up with blithe goodnights. Thus ended the celebration of Minerva's eleventh birthday.

LOCAL ORATORICAL CONTEST

Perkins Auditorium, February 5, 1903.

Mr. R. H. Ritchie, Presiding

1

	Selection Girls' Glee Club
I.	Unshackled Living H. V. Churchill, 'o6
2.	Abraham Lincoln D. DeWitt, '03
3.	The American Indian P. D. Rice, '04
	Selection Mandolin Club
4.	American Citizenship F. L. Tomlin, 'o6
5.	The Power of an Ideal R. M. Work, '03
	Decision of Judges
-Judges—Rev. J. B. Gregg, Mr. Henry McAllister, Jr., Mr. John Dietrich.	
	First place—P. D. Rice, '04.
	Second place—R. M. Work, '03.

LADY LENORE OF DUNGEON LYONESE OR FOR WHICH PIRATE DID FATE INTEND HER?

TICKNOR HALL, FEB. 13, 1903



Cast of Characters

Synopsis

As the curtain rises, the fair Lady Lenore is discovered singing at her lofty dungeon castlement. Though cruelly imprisoned, she remains faithful to her two English lovers and is wooed in vain by the keeper of the dungeon, Lord Beverly de Willoughby.

Disguised as pirates, Black Dog and Murky Murder (the two lovers) arrive upon the scene, attack Lord Beverly de Willoughby, secure the keys and free the maiden. At this point the truce between the lovers ceases and in a duel Sir Bedivere de Castlemont (Black Dog) is slain. Maddened by jealous rage that another should win the prize, Lord Beverly stabs Lady Lenore. In grief, Sir Lancelot de Montfort (Murky Murder) kills himself and as the curtain falls Lord Beverly plunges the dagger into his own breast and dies.

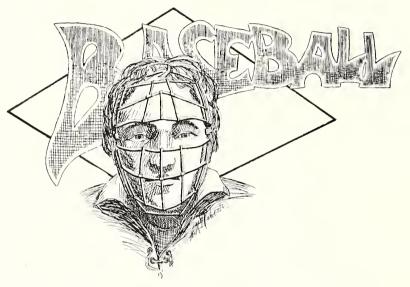
PEARSONS BANQUET

Toasts

	1011919
Ι.	Toastmaster
2.	As Others See Us President Slocum
3.	The Ladies E. C. Cleaveland
4.	The Light of Other Days
5.	Notes Pearsons Quartet
	ıst Tenor—J. H. Nash.
	2nd Tenor—W. E. Hunter.
	1st Bass—R. M. Work.
	2nd Bass—W. Wallrich.
6.	The Alumni M. F. Coolbaugh
7.	Pushing to the Front
8.	Paternal Advice B. F. Rastall
	Мени
	Blue Points
	Olives Celery
	Bouillon in Cup, Cheese Straws
	Broiled Lake Trout, Maitre de Hotel
	Potato Croquettes
	Sweetbread Patties
	Green Peas
	Fruit Punch
	Stuffed Quail on Toast
	Fried Sweet Potatoes
	Chicken Salad
1 ut	ti Frutti Ice Cream Assorted Cake
	Fruit
	2 1 1111
	Edam and Swiss Cheese
	Edam and Swiss Cheese Water Crackers
	Edam and Swiss Cheese







Captain S. S. Packard Coach P. B. Stewart Manager W. D. Van Nostran

Howell, '04. Right Field Mead, '02, Second Base Pettibone, '04, Shortstop Falk, '05, Third Base Hunter, '03, Center Field Packard, '02, Catcher Hester, '05, Pitcher Reed, '04, First Base Jonson, '03, Left Field



BASEBALL SEASON OF 1902

9

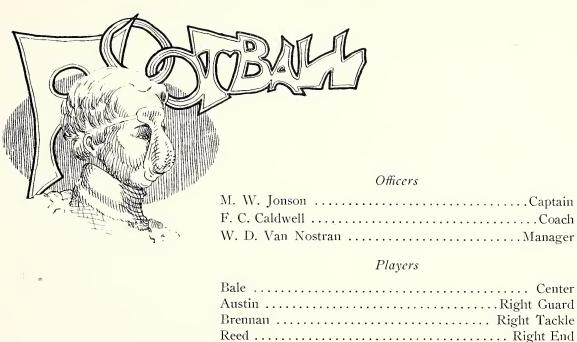
The race for the Intercollegiate pennant in 1902 was notable for its closeness. Four teams, Boulder, Golden, Fort Collins and our own were about of equal strength, and not until the last two or three games were played was the pennant winner determined. Almost every game was decided by one or two runs, and these four teams certainly played "gilt-edged ball." In fact the newspapers of the State in commenting on the games stated that "Western League Ball" was being played.

But the great factor of the season was the pitching. Every team had a good pitcher, our own included. However, our pitcher was at a disadvantage in one respect; he had not the experience the others had. Although naturally the equal, if not the superior, of any pitcher in the League, his lack of experience caused him to fail at critical times. Still, under the circumstances, there should be nothing but praise for Hester, who worked hard and faithfully throughout the whole season and pitched all of every game.

The Tigers, as a whole, fielded well, but their batting can only be characterized as "rotten." It was the weakest batting team the College has had for years, as is shown by the fact that the highest man had an average of less than 300 per cent, and the rest graded down proportionately, until the last two or three had hard work to muster up a percentage of 100.

At the first of the season the team was under a great disadvantage in having no coach. But in the spring vacation Mr. P. B. Stewart, who had put the finishing touches on the team of the year before, took charge and from then on generously gave of his time and ability to coaching the team. Mr. Stewart is a very busy man and the College is doubly grateful to him for his services.

If we did not win it was not Captain Packard's fault. With practically all new men in the infield and a green pitcher he did wonders. Always cheerful and optimistic, he pulled the team out of many a hard place and by his "never say die" spirit has left a splendid legacy to future College athletic teams.



Austin
Brennan Right Tackle
Reed Right End
Johnson Left Guard
Nead Left Tackle
Prior Left End
Randolph
Johnston Left Half Back
Kiteley Full Back
Jonson (captain) Right Half Back
English Left Half Back
Kearns Left End
Substitutes: Pardee, McClintock, Collins.

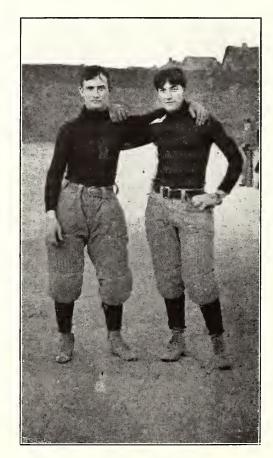
THE FOOTBALL SEASON



The football season of 1902 was a keen disappointment not only to the student body, but to all the friends of Colorado College. To those who were acquainted with the material at the beginning of the season, victory seemed almost inevitable. Not since the time of Browning and his team had there been a huskier lot of men on Washburn field than appeared last fall. But good material is only the first requisite for a championship team in the Colorado Intercollegiate Association. Good coaching and hard training are even more essential to success than big men. Here is where the Tigers failed. The failure of Mr. Allen to fulfill his part of a contract or even to inform the Association of his intention of not fulfilling it is probably the secret of our failure last season. We opened the season without a coach, and the end of three weeks found us in almost as unorganized a condition as when we started. Fritz Caldwell, who played a star end for Colorado College with Browning and Griffith, took charge of the men at the request of the Athletic Association, and it is only justice to him to say that his efforts were largely responsible for the good work done by the Tigers.

And yet Caldwell was unable to hold the men at their best and to bring out in critical times the best possible kind of football. Inconsistency was noticeable throughout the whole season, and instead of knowing beforehand just what kind of a game the Tigers would play, we learned before the end of the season that the team might take a slump. With the Denver Athletic Club the Tigers played a remarkable game. Every man was at his best, not only as an individual player, but as a member of a team where co-operation is so essential to success. This victory led us to hope that the Tigers were "pennant winners," but in the collision with Boulder a few days later our hopes were not realized. For some reason the men failed to give the University of Colorado quite the same game of football that was given to D. A. C. a few days before. Boulder carried off the honors, (her first victory on Washburn gridiron) by a score of 12 to 6. At Fort Collins the team was again at a climax, and the score of 29 to 6 tells the story of the game. At the Denver University game the Tigers had another slump, when they won with difficulty by a score of 6 to o. On the Saturday before the close of the season came the second College-D. A. C. game. The boys played a strong game, but the field was heavy and the superior weight of the athletics was too much for us. Not only were we defeated, but crippled so that on the following Thursday it was with difficulty that a full team could be put in the field against Golden. Captain Jonson, Brennan, Prior and Reed were all physically disqualified for a hard game, and were soon compelled to leave the field. The result of the game was far more in Golden's honor than our own, but we will give the Miners credit for a fast game and a fast team. This hasn't been a joyful tale, but facts are facts. In justice to the men we will say that they were an aggregation of "pennant winners" under the care of a capable Eastern coach. Captain Jonson has made a place for himself among the athletes turned out by Colorado College. His consistent playing on both diamond and gridiron has made him an enviable record, and his famous "Princetons" have not only won games for Colorado College, but have been a constant terror for the last four years to the other schools of the state. The Tigers of 1903 will keenly feel his loss.





BILLY AND SHORTY.

BASKET BALL

Players

Of the College

Of the Academy

Forwards—Churchill, Keplinger, Slauson, Johnson, Hawley and Hardy.

Forwards—Hoffman, Fisher and Merriell. Guards—Aiken and Henderson.

Guards—Aiken and Hende

Guards—Nead, Baker, Ingersoll, Strock and Pardee.

Center—French (Captain).

Center—Shaw (Captain).

C. C.'s first Basket Ball season was not a howling success as far as victories were concerned, but one season like that one is worth more to the team of the future than two crowned with honors. Colorado College is too progressive to longer go without a Basket Ball Team, and so a beginning had to be made, and a beginning is always hard. In the first squad out there were but three men who had ever seen a Basket Ball before. But the team was fortunate in one thing, and that was that it had a State full of good teams who were willing to play against it and thus teach it the game. Fortune favored us even more by giving us a chance to play a fast Western team. Of course we lost, but the things learned by each man who played in that game will not soon be forgotten, and will go towards making a winning team next year.

The difficulties under which this year's team practiced were very discouraging. The Gymnasium, with its low roof and network of rafters is a very poor place for Basket Ball. Goal throwing, the real factor of the game, is almost impossible, while throwing a ball higher than ten feet is entirely out of the question. Next year's team will not have to face these difficulties, for we have every reason to believe that the new Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium will be finished by that time.

When this article goes to press the team has played two games and has three more scheduled. The first game was with the Y. M. C. A. of Pueblo and was played in that city. The score was sixteen to eight in their favor.

The next game was with the University of Nebraska at the Temple Theatre. The score was thirty-seven to eleven against us. This, however, is not so discouraging, when we remember that Nebraska beat all the other teams in the State by similar scores.

After that game the team, in order to create enthusiasm amongst the students, decided to play some games between its own members and subs. The first game was one between the Basket Ball players from Greeley and the rest of the squad.

The score was thirteen to twelve against the Greeley team.



Officers



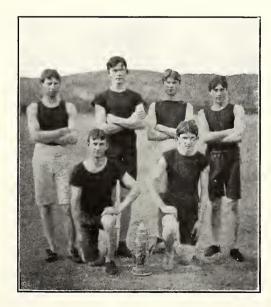
This department of outdoor sports is comparatively new in Colorado College, but we trust it has come to stay. In June, '02, we held a very successful local meet in which Packard easily won the highest number of points. This meet showed us two things—first, that we had the material for a good team and, second, that the maintenance of a track team need not necessarily increase the indebtedness of the Athletic Association.

In the following October a class meet was pulled off, the chief feature of which was a relay race between the Freshmen and Sophomores. This was undoubtedly one of the most interesting and exciting events in the history of the athletic life of the College. The outcome of the race was uncertain until the last moment, when the Freshmen won by a close margin, thus gaining possession of the handsome ten-dollar stein offered as a trophy. It devolves upon them to defend it in a similar contest with the incoming Freshmen next year. The Sophomore class easily won out in the general events, Nead, of that class, showing himself a second Packard, winning thereby the first individual prize. Emrich of the Academy winning second.

But, best of all, on February 7th, '03, representatives of the five colleges and universities of the State met in Denver and perfected arrangements for an intercollegiate field and track meet to be held in Boulder on May 9th of the present year. While we may not be able to send a winning team to that meet, we do expect to send one that will make a creditable showing, and to let the public know that we are interested in this, the highest form of athletics.

Previous to the fall meet last year, by the generous co-operation of the students and the equally generous support of President Slocum, we succeeded in getting a rather inferior quarter-mile track built on our athletic field. An expenditure of one hundred dollars would put that track into the best condition and would enable us to invite the collegiate and scholastic teams to hold their meets here. Indeed, the want of a track is the only thing in the way of our having the intercollegiate meet at Colorado Springs in 1904.

To make this department of our athletics a decided success, then, it is only necessary that the students and faculty lend their most hearty financial and moral support to the movement already so well under way, and that the men interested and proficient in this branch of sports do their utmost to develop a team that will command recognition in the College and in the State.



FRESHMAN RELAY TEAM.



THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Samuel Jessop..... Director

Students

Mamie Anderson Pearl Beard Elizabeth Brooks B. L. Carter Helen Duke Arthur Emery Winifred Enoch Flora Essick S. Fisher Clara Hall Henrietta Harkel Ada Harrington Lillian Hastings Jessie Haynes Gertrude Hotchkiss Jeannette Hutchinson Diquita Irwin Wm. S. Jackson, Jr. Roland Jackson Everett Jackson Ada Johnson Enid Jones Edith Knapp Lola Knight Amy Linderfelt Francis Loud Katheryn Lyme Christina Macdonald Miss Pabor

Nettie Painter Margaret Parry Catherine Pendery Esther Parsons Harriet Platt Elizabeth Porter Miss D. Maud Porter Emily Potter Miss W. R. Proctor Pearl Rhines Mezie Robinson Nellie Ryan Harriet Sater Fred Shautz A. E. Shailer Madge Sill D. R. Slauson lessie Smith Marjorie Soule Mabel St. John B. M. Stivers Fairfield Sylvester Alice Thurston Sarah Wallace Jeannette Welch Helen West Helen Wise Josephine Work





THE ART DEPARTMENT



INSTRUCTORS

Director Artus Van Briggle
Assistant Miss Ida Fursman

Students

Margaret Anderson Mary Armstrong Marshall Bennett Callie Bernard Ruth Brigham Angeline Carlton Madge Clark Alice Craig Fred L. Dautrich Helen Duke Daphine Dunn Violet Eaton Helen Engel Theodore Fisher Ada Freeman Josephine Garrison Eleanor Gregg Josephine Guretsky Ethel Hawkey Dell Heizer Henry Hoffman Agnes Holmes Gertrude Hotchkiss Grace Lawson

Dora Lehringer Gertrude Lundborg Marjory Masi Peter E. McIntyre Margaret McKay Anne Parrish Mary Persinger Maud Porter Emily Potter Hazel Rhodes Ethel Rice Leona Robbins H. M. Roberts Dorothy Robinson Nellie Shearer Evlyn Shuler Frances M. Sill Harold Sill Bell Sinton Charlotte Topp Miriam Washburn Beatrice Wetmore Samuel Willet Gladys Young

THE SCHOOL OF ART



Since the day when it timidly took possession of its admirably designed quarters in the newly built Perkins Hall, the Art Department of Colorado College has grown steadily until now it can hold up its head without shame among its fellows in the Annual. As the classes became larger it was possible to introduce a more perfect system into the work, which now runs along with the regularity of the traditional clock. The embryo Turners, Rosa Bonheurs, Gibsons, Christys and Dillions, who daily assemble within the classic walls of Perkins find help and inspiration in the association with their fellows who are fired with the same ambitions. An art atmosphere is surely being created which will envelope not only our College, but our city and our State. Honors came to the Art Department during the year under review which might well have shed lustre on a much older institution. The Art League of New York offered scholarships for the best work in cast drawing, the competition being open to art schools all over the United States. In this competitive work a pupil of Colorado College carried off one of the prizes.

The morning hours are the busiest in the rooms and the most interesting, for then the students draw from life. Three days a week the model poses for the head and two days for the draped figure. The model may be a beautiful girl, whose charms of face and form the students strive to catch on drawing board or canvass; or some rough and grizzled character typical of the mountains or its mines may be induced to pose. For inspiration and uplift there are always majestic peaks enveloped in golden sheen or standing forth with the sharpness of a cameo in the clear atmosphere of these opal plains.

Still, life is not neglected, and here some pleasantries might be found. A plate, an orange and a knife, with a notice, "Do not eat me," or "Please do not squeeze me;" if the fruit happens to be cherries the sign is, "Keep the birds away." Thus does fancy lightly play about the stately columns of the *Temple of Art*.

WALTER



Walter was a tender plant,
Walter was his name,
Everywhere that Walter went,
Something went the same.
Walter's little tootsies
Only weighed a ton.
His tootsies were so heavy
That poor Walter couldn't run.



Introductory

7/2

The greatest reason for encouragement to be seen in Cutler Academy is the growing feeling of an independent life and unity, even though bound to Colorado College by ties which it never will be desirable to break. No one could be so blind to our best interests and traditions as to hope for a time when, absorbed in our own affairs, we should lack that spirit which always prompted us to stand up for the College and support her representatives, whether on the field or elsewhere. Still we must concentrate our best efforts toward raising a standard of excellence in classroom, athletics, literary societies, etc., as will attract to our Institution that class of young men and women who desire the best education to be had, and who aspire to be in and represent the best preparatory school in the West.

A word from the several departments will best serve to illustrate the interests of the Academy.

An Official View

When the name of "Cutler" was given to the Academy, in memory of a generous friend, the "good beginning" remarked in all successful enterprises was made. From that day to this, earnest purpose and strenuous endeavor have united to place the name of the school in the position it should rightfully occupy. For some years the fostering care of the College was necessary, but now that the strength of the Academy has increased with its age, a judicious separation is taking place, evidently for the good of both. A change is noticeable in the spirit of the students who feel the natural pride of ownership in their own classes, athletics, etc., although for some time they have had their literary societies. It is noteworthy that this pride is a motive to strengthen the students' love for and loyalty to their School, inducing them to unite cheerfully in all her best interests. The Alumni can be of great assistance, as the student with honorable and brilliant examples set before him works hard for the same distinction for himself.

The situation of Colorado Springs and its wonderful climate have drawn to the Faculty men who would be noted in any school, and who are giving freely their time and effort to make the Academy efficient in intellectual development and in character building.

With the completion of the Science building, Palmer Hall is to be remodelled and renamed Cutler Academy, containing class rooms and laboratories especially for academy use.

It is most encouraging to learn that the sons of Mr. Cutler have not forgotten the school, but have recently given a generous sum towards an endowment fund, which it is hoped will be increased to form a permanent basis for the development of the Academy.

What, then, is needed to make the school most efficient, with everything in favor of full growth and development, but that the students themselves shall unite in every attempt to strengthen and better the Academy, thus co-operating with the Faculty in their desire for the best things?

Hesperian

A society may best be judged by the quality of its work and by the men who come from it. Judged by either of these standards, our little organization has great reason for encouragement. Many of the best men, who have graduated from the Academy and the College, point to it as the place where they received their earliest and best training and learned lessons which they consider of far more value than the lessons they received from any pedagogue.

We are highly fortunate in having more than the mere opportunity to benefit ourselves by our own work. The helpful criticism following each programme is the most beneficial feature of our meeting. To Mr. Pattison, Hesperian is especially indebted for a course in debating and literary work on a par with his College courses.

Since one of our chief aims is to excel in debating, the outside debates are events of great interest. These are arranged for where possible with the Preparatory and High Schools of the State. Our first contest outside of the State was with Lincoln High School, which defeated us. But this was our first defeat and we are determined to make it our last.

Looking forward into the dim years of the future, we can see a time when, with the growth of the Academy and the strength and efficiency of our organization increased by maturity, no boy can go through Cutler Academy without availing himself of our advantages and not feel himself the loser.

Philo

The history of the Philo Society has been published in previous annuals, and this writer plans to tell just a little about the work of the society.

We have been trying a new plan this year, for, believing that we were scarcely capable of doing original work that would be satisfactory to ourselves, we have had a Reading Club. We have read a number of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, also some stories of Stockton, Miss Edgeworth, Hawthorne and others. Two or more of the girls lead the meetings, reading aloud, while the other members of the Society occupy themselves with sewing or fancy work. After a book or story has been completed, a short discussion often takes place. We have found our meetings very interesting and the reading has been very much enjoyed. The programmes have not all been the same, for we have also had musical programmes, which are all the more pleasant for being rare. We have parliamentary drill and our social meetings, when we all come just to have a good time.

One of the most enjoyable features of Philo is the Philo Play. It is given twice a year by the members of the Society. We have made our appearance twice, and our success has been all that we could desire. We are grateful to Mrs. Stark for her help in our plays and to Miss Loomis for her kindly advice and interest.

The members of Philo have high hopes for its future, as this year has been a very successful and pleasant one. A number of new names have been added to the roll and the girls have been interested, enthusiastic and faithful. Our earnest effort is to make Philo continue to increase in strength and power.

Athletics

The Academy for a number of years has been trying to put baseball and football teams in the field, but has never really succeeded in doing so. Now that we have separated from the College in athletics and have our own Association, there is no reason why we cannot have a winning team. Last year was the first year that any steps towards a team were taken. We got a large subscription from the Academy students and immediately put a good team in the field. We have been working under many difficulties and will continue so until we have our own field or are allowed to use the College field at certain times during the week. We are also handicapped in having the Western League Team play here besides the College and other teams.

This year we are trying to get into the Interscholastic League. We have very fine prospects for a team, and with some little practice and coaching can put a winning nine in the field, which we intend to do.

Academy Department of the Tiger

This department of the "Tiger" has come to be recognized as a factor in the life of the Academy, bearing the same relation to it as the "Tiger" proper does to the student body of the College.

If we are to have a separate publication of our own when the institution is larger, we must make our page in the Tiger a success. This, of course, depends upon the members of the Academy. If each one does his part toward making our page full of life and interest, this department of our work will be by no means the least important, and in a few years we can launch a publication of our own.

CLASS IV.



Officers.

Class Colors.

Olive green and maple yellow.

Members

Armstrong, Dollie M. Irish, Ebenezer M. Boatright, Harvey E. Lawson, Grace L. Laxton, Wm. Bush, Alden M. Emrich, Clarence T. Leuchtenberg, Chas. S. Fehringer, Dora. McClintock, James K. Glasser, Claude A. McGarry, Maude S. Gregg, Richard B. Rhodes, Hazel B. Hall, Charles D. Ross, Samuel B. Henderson, Ralph Shuler, A. Evlyn Herron, Wm. F. Wallace, Sara E. Hornberger, Etta M. Walter, H. James

CLASS III.



Officers

Jesse G. ArnoldPresidentHarold D. RobertsVice-PresidentEthel M. RiceSecretary-Treasurer

Class Colors

Gold and Lavender

Members

Manly, Harold P. Arnold, Jesse G. Dickerman, Alton S., Jr. McCreery, Donald C. Merriell, Frank C. Draper, Lulu W. Packard, Florence E. Freeman, Ada F. Gregg, Eleanor D. Pedrick, Ethel R. Rice, Ethel M. Guretzky, Josephine A. Hall, Edith Roberts, Harold Hunt, Earle R. Salazar, Ernest V. Shearer, Nellie K. Kane, Genevieve M. Lehmann, Carl B. Strieby, Helen G. Ward, Jasper D. Maguire, John M.

CLASS II.



Officers

Class Colors

Yellow and White

Members

Aiken, James F.
Alden, Earle S.
Bernard, Callie
Bernard, Silvey
Davis, Annabel
Hawkey, Ethel
Jackson, Wm. S. Jr.
Jameson, Wylie M.
Jones, Avis S.
Masi, Marjori
McCreery, Mary

McIntyre, Otis E.
Mitchell, Kent O.
Persinger, Mary E.
Platt, Harriet S.
Richardson, Norman D.
Shortt, Clifford C.
Sill, Harold D.
Sinton, Belle
Skinner, David H.
Walter, Arthur.
Willet, Samuel N.

CLASS I.

•

Officers

Class Colors

Harvard Red and Yale Blue

Members

Clark, Atherton B. Knipprath, Geo. F. Cox, Clarence E. Lundy, Claude Draper, Matt Ryan McGowan, Edgar Ehrich, Alma L. Moses, Wm. B. Engel, Helen M. Potter, Emily L. Fischer, Harry T Sill, Frances M. Hoffman, Henry Young, Gladys G. Johnson, Stafford F. Young, Russell E.

ACADEMY SPECIAL



Class Roll

Barricklow, Frank J. Hartzel, Henrietta Bishop, Charles F. Hawley, Nellie Bispham, Helen N. Hotchkiss, Gertrude Brigham, Ruth F. MacDonald, Christine Marsh, Clifford W. Cutting, Alma F. Dickinson, Esther H. Porter, M. L. Pabor, Pansy M. Duke, Helen M. Eaton, Violet M. Quinn, Ethel G. Ely, Helen W. Sater, Harriet A. Shawver, Harvey L. Ewing, Miss Topp, Charlotte Fairley, Bessie Fiske, James H. Van Osdell, Lillian V. Zinn, Zaidee M. L. French, Allison

HESPERIAN



Officers

President ... Carl B. Lehmann
Vice-President ... Charles D. Hall
Secretary-Treasurer ... William F. Herron
Sergeant-at-Arms ... Ebenezer N. Irish
Censor ... Samuel B. Ross

Members

James F. Aikin Ebenezer N. Irish Earle S. Alden Wylie N. Jameson Jesse G. Arnold Carl B. Lehmann Frank J. Barricklow Harold P. Manly Donald C. McCreery Charles F. Bishop Frank C. Merriell Ruth Brigham Kent O. Mitchell lames H. Fisk Allison French Harold D. Roberts Charles D. Hall Samuel B. Ross William F. Herron Samuel W. Willet



PHILO



Officers

President Evelyn Shuler
Vice-President Esther Dickenson
Secretary Mary Persinger
Treasurer Ada Freeman
Factotum Mary McCreery

Members

Anna Belle Davis	Florence Packard
Esther Dickenson	Ethel Pedrick
Helen Duke	Mary Persinger
Lulu Draper	Harriet Platt
Ada Freeman	Emily Potter
Elinor Gregg	Ethel Rice
Edith Hall	Harriet Sater
Gertrude Hotchkiss	Nellie Shearer
Avis Jones	Belle Sinton
Grace Lawson	Evelyn Shuler
Marjorie Masi	Helen Strieby
Mary McCreery	Charlot Topp
Christina McDonald	Sara Wallace





CHAMPIONS OF CITY LEAGUE 1902.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

CLASS OF '02 OF CUTLER ACADEMY

At Perkins Arts Hall, Friday, June 13th, 1902, 8 o'clock



Programme

- Opening Speech by the President. Arthur Sobel.
- 2. Vocal Solo—"Forgotten," Eugene Cowles
 - Annie M. Clough.
- Class History and Prophecy.Florence Kellogg Root.
- 4. Class Poem.

Leo W. Bortree.

5. Paper—' Character."

Willet R. Willis.

- 6. Piano Solo—"Spring Song." Gounod, opus 127

 Laura B. Anderson.
- 7. Presentation.

Arthur Sobel.

GRADUATING EXERCISES OF CUTLER ACADEMY

Class of 1902

At Perkins Fine Arts Hall, Monday, June 16th, 3 o'clock p.m.



Programme

- 1. Organ Prelude.
 - Miss Pearl Cooper.
- 2. Invocation.
- Rev. Benj. Brewster.
- 3. Organ Solo—"Lux Benigna," John B. Dykes Miss Pearl Cooper.
- 4. Address.

The Reverend Alexis Stein.

- 5. Presentation of Diplomas and Announcement of Honors.
- 6. Benediction.

Rev. Benj. Brewster.

7. Organ Postlude.

Miss Pearl Cooper.



Class of 1902

Laura B. Anderson Leo W. Bortree

*Mabel C. Brown

*Alden M. Bush

*Francis L. Capers

Annie M. Clough

*H. K. Davis, Jr.

*James Davis
*Earle R. Hunt
Elizabeth J. Lockhart
*Louis F. Meyer

*Zenas T. Roberts

Florence K. Root *Conrad Seipp

*Arthur Sobel

Those marked * will not receive diplomas.

*Earle Steffa

*Orrie W. Stewart

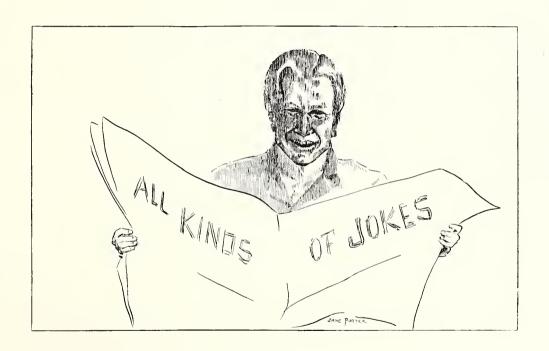
*Frances W. Wheeler

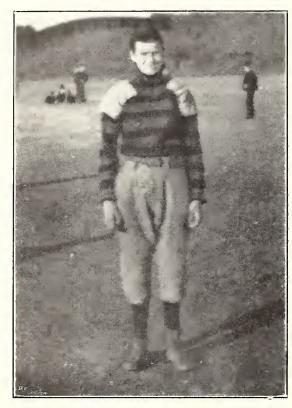
*Willet R. Willis

Stella Wilson

*Walter L. Wilson

*Zaidee Zinn





"I'd like to be a Literary man."

NUGGET PRIZES



The Best Story—

First Prize—P. D. Rice, '04; "A Smouldering Spark." Second prize—C. H. English, '04; "A Queer Hold Up."

The Best Poem—

First Prize—W. M. Vories, '04; "Sonnet to Spenser." Second prize—D. DeWitt, '03; "Dawn."

The Best Photograph—

First prize—C. F. Mattern, Special; "Lake at Stratton's Park."

Second prize—O. W. Stewart, 'o6; "Pike's Peak View."

A SMOULDERING SPARK

By P. D. RICE, '04.





HE Professor enjoyed the reputation of being able to write and converse in any language from the Hottentot lingo and Sanskrit, to English and High German. This proficiency, it was generally understood, was chiefly a result of very extensive travel to the various nooks and corners of the world; whither he had been impelled to go for three of the best years of his life, as a sailor before the mast. The impelling force on these expeditions, it was also understood, had been a fiery spirit of adventure which had completely dominated him as a young man, an excess of youthful energy which, as the years were added to the Professor's life, was characterized by his friends as ambition. It was this same impelling force which brought him to America, enabling him to master still another language and finally, as a happy culmination, presenting him with the well-earned degree of A. B. from Harvard College.

Now he had, after some further years of preparation, become a professor of modern languages in a certain well known college of the West. There he soon found himself the most talked-of professor in the institution. Possessed of

a gruff nature which had been but slightly smoothed by time and association, he too often, (so it seemed to the students) allowed himself to speak the harsh, unkind word where the kinder word and tone would have been much more acceptable and effective. Still it is possible that the Professor was misunderstood. He had one other characteristic which deserves mention here, and which was often made the subject of remarks among the students,—the Professor was remarkably self-possessed. To be exact, this self-possession had never been known to be disturbed, except, we may say, upon one noteworthy occasion. And this last observation brings me to my story.

The Professor had a custom, while the autumn afternoons remained warm, of betaking himself to a somewhat secluded corner of the campus; and there behind some sheltering shrubs, indulging in pleasant reverie over past adventures, dreaming of a time when his life was not so placid, and the fire was in his blood. Had it been possible to study the Professor's face on such occasions, the observer would have noted a variety of expressions playing over it. There were the lights and shades of smile and frown—the smiles frequently changing to low laughter as some particularly humorous episode passed through the Professor's mind. So he would sit for hours when no classes were on, happy in the thought that *none* knew of his retreat or would disturb him if *they* knew.

The calm of a September afternoon had again lured him away from his books. The sun was sinking behind the western mountains, but still the Professor sat lost in thought wholly indifferent to the fact that it was supper time.

Fresently a pair of voices in earnest conversation brought him back to realities. The tone was so earnest, that the Professor was constrained to turn his head and listen. The voices approached, and he recognized them as belonging to John Bronson and Ethel Vincent. An interesting pair to be sure, thought the Professor as he peeped through his shrubs, just a little, to watch them as they walked. What an admirable appearance they made! Bronson with his fine face and wiry physique, which, though small, had, together with his splendid nerve, won him a state's reputation on the gridiron; she, whose elegant form and fine eyes had caused the matron of Alton Hall many a worry, and whose manner of dress had been the despair of all the girls.

The two friends, still in earnest debate, were very evidently walking with the view of escaping all observation from the street; for they kept in the shadows whenever it was possible.

"There is plenty of risk," Ethel was saying. "If the faculty should get hold of it you would be expelled, and I would be expelled, and so would our accomplices, should we have any."

"Yes," John answered, "you have a way of looking at all sides of a question before you act, but I confess I take no small delight in breaking the rules after being so peremptorily ordered to cease all visits to the Hall. Besides," he added, "there's small danger of my being caught, provided we have our arrangements complete beforehand. Come, let's sit here and fix it up. I'd rather talk than eat anyhow, wouldn't you?"

"That depends entirely upon the subject of conversation," said Ethel.

"And not upon who's talking to you?" questioned John with feigned offense in his tone.



concluded. Ethel felt that he was pitying her ignorance.

"Not in the least," answered Ethel perversely, as they seated themselves on a willow settee near where the Professor sat concealed.

"However," the girl continued, "the present subject of conversation happens to suit me, so I'm content to miss supper for once and plot the downfall of 'the powers that be.'"

"'And great shall be the fall,'" quoted John solemnly, and he felt the exultance of righteous wrath avenged.

"You can climb it easily, of course," Ethel went on, "and Jane, who rooms with me now, you know, can help hold the rope."

"I hope you've sense enough to wrap the bedpost with it, and not try to hold it by main strength," said John. "Or better still, tie it," he "I accept your first suggestion," she answered archly, "as that was my plan anyway before you spoke. But you haven't taken into account the fact that girls often visit each other's rooms uninvited, and if the rope were tied,—well you see, don't you?"

"Yes, of course, you mightn't get it untied in time, but what would you do with me in case I were in the room, and somebody made you a sudden visit?"

"Lock you in the closet. You're not afraid of the dark, are you?"

"Nope," said John. "Say," he continued meditatively after a short pause, "you said Cousin Jane would help you hold the rope, didn't you?"

"Why, are you still—"

"Oh no," he interrupted. "I was just sizing the thing up. It's all right though. I'm willing to trust the weight of both of you against my own," and he took a rapid sweeping glance at his one hundred and thirty pounds. "Now let's arrange for some signal so that there can be no mistake," he continued. "I suppose some sort of a whistle would be best. Let's see, can you whistle?"

"Yes," she answered, and puckering her lips, whistled softly in proof of it. John smiled.

"That's good," he said, "only you must make it louder. Not now though. We have to conduct ourselves like convicts around here," and there was something of bitterness in his tone.

"Well, how would this do, two short ones followed by a long one," said Ethel, "Pwit, pwit, pwew—w!"

"Good enough," cried John slapping his knee, "that's easily done and is not likely to be accidentally counterfeited either. Now is there anything else to arrange?"

"Why the date, you stupid," rejoined Ethel, "when are you coming?"

"Oh, we'll make the first trial tonight," said he. "I thought you understood that. I might wait a day or two, but I'm too impatient. Do you know," he said turning and facing her, "it isn't so much my desire to see you that makes me try this, though of course I do want to see you,—but I'd like to show them a thing!"

He rose to his feet as he spoke, and began pacing up and down in front of her, his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, and a frown on his face that gave him quite a distinguished air,—so Ethel thought.

"That's very frank, I'm sure," she replied, "but of course I understand the motive."

"The rope," continued John, "will reach you by an express wagon, and I'll watch the expressman to see he delivers it. The matron will think it's dress goods," and the frown on his face gave place to a smile at the good matron's expense. "I'll be back of the Hall," John went on, "where it'll be dark, thank goodness, promptly at nine o'clock providing my father doesn't come through on that 8:30 train. I have a letter from him here, stating that there is a possibility of his passing through on that train, and asking me to be at the depot. If he comes I'll stay with him till the train leaves at nine, so you see I can be at the Hall, in any case, by 9:15 or a little later. Is that definite enough?" he concluded.

Ethel was sitting with clasped hands, her eyes sparkling, even more than was their wont, as the reality and excitement of the situation began to dawn upon her. She loved excitement anyway.

"It's not as definite as I'd like," she answered, the hush in her voice betraying the flutter in her breast. "It's no difference though," she went on, "I'll be on the lookout in my watch-tower. My, John," she exclaimed looking up suddenly, "it's about dark, and Miss Andrews will be wondering where I've been keeping myself. Surely I must be going," and she rose hastily and gathered up her shawl.

"And I'll be going too," said John, "There's the rope to get. Auf wieder schen," and he made off toward town.

"Remember the signal," Ethel called back, as she started toward Alton Hall. "Yes," said John, "Pwit, pwit, pwew—w!"

And the Professor had heard it all. He persuaded himself that he had been an unwilling listener, but still he had heard it. He began to wonder what such a situation would have demanded of him had he been ten years younger. Then the fire got into his blood again. He would do it anyway. Such an opportunity must not pass unnoticed. He would be on hand promptly at nine o'clock, and if the coast were clear—well, in the meantime he would practice that whistle. "Pwit, pwit, pwew—w!" sounded in even tones in almost exact imitation of Ethel Vincent's whistle. The Professor rose with a new sparkle in his eye, and made his way with the elastic step of youth toward the nearest lunch counter.

Just as an express wagon drove away from the front of the building, Ethel Vincent walked up the stairs of Alton Hall with a heavy parcel under her arm, which might have been dress goods. In her cozy room she found Jane Bronson, John's little cousin, already deeply absorbed in a lesson in French composition.

"You're late, Ethel," Jane said without looking up, "I've been plugging here for a half hour. This stuff is abominable!"

"And I've been waiting down stairs longer than that for this parcel," answered Ethel, throwing the bundle on the bed and cutting the strings with a pair of scissors, "see here." Jane looked up.

"A rope,—what is it, a clothes line?" and she buried herself in her book again. Ethel became impatient.

"No, it isn't a clothes line," she retorted. "What use have I for a clothes line?"

"I don't know," said Jane still worrying over the preterite of Venir.

"Well, if you'll stop studying long enough, I'll explain," said Ethel stamping her foot.

"I've hardly time," Jane replied glancing sorrowfully at her book. "To-morrow is composition day, you know, and Professor Goebel is usually horridest on composition days. But of course I'll listen, only I wish somebody would hang Professor Goebel and give some lesser criminals liberty. That man actually called me a fool last composition day."

"Oh no, he didn't call you a fool. And he doesn't deserve hanging in the to blame. Just be as bold in the class he'll not dare to take advantage of your but at the wrong time."

"Oh I know it," answered Jane scares me out of my wits, so that I never and I've been made a fool of. But the to her friend the conversation she had of it. "And you are to help hold the

"Oh John'll not dare!" Jane ex her cousin would be intercepted and ex

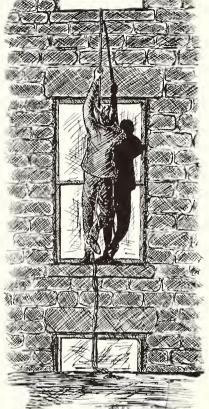
"Oh, ves, he will," cried Ethel danc "and he'll not be caught either," and the in her listener's mind. "But let's get at Professor Goebel a chance to roast us."

The girls settled themselves to a the evening's adventure which was to gave up study altogether. The half ment. The friends had planned the coiled and one end wrapped around the expect Bronson's arrival. As the town window to the top and leaned out listen

> "Do you hear any thing?" she "No," came the answer in a

"His father must have come," enough for Jane to detect the disappoint another long—sh-h, what's that?"

"Someone whistled," declared



Jane," said Ethel, "he merely implied it. literal sense. You yourself are largely room as when he is out of ear-shot, and fear of him. You show spirit enough,

meekly, "but please don't lecture me. He think of anything to say till it's all over rope, what's it for?" Ethel recounted had with John Bronson, and the upshot rope," Ethel concluded.

claimed, frightened at the thought that pelled.

ing around the room in her excitement, positiveness in the assertion left no doubt that composition work and not give

study badly interrupted by allusions to follow. Half past eight came, and they hour following was one of great exciteaffair many times, and had the rope unbedpost long before they could possibly clock struck nine, Ethel gently slid the ing.

whispered.

hushed monosyllable.

said Ethel in a subdued voice but loud ment in it, "and we'll have to wait here

Tane. Then in clear tones came the signal, "Pwit, pwit, pwew—w!!" which was immediately answered by Ethel. Neither girl spoke at this stage of the drama, but there was what the player would call "business,"—rapid, silent, business. The rope was carefully lowered till they were sure it reached the ground. Another cautious exchange of signals, and the girls braced thmeslves. with the rope coiled around the bedpost. Then someone began climbing rapidly. The ascent seemed a slow one, however, for every moment was precious, and the girls' hearts beat anxiously. Still the spice of danger stimulated the nerves of the adventurers. The greatest peril of detection would be when Bronson reached the light of the window, but he was a good climber and the danger would not last long. A minute had possibly been consumed in the hand-over-hand ascent. The climber's fingers grasped the stone sill. Oh joy, thought the girls in triumph, its nearly over! Now a man's head appeared in the full light of the electric lamp.

There was a succession of short screams, a burring sound as the rope slipped round the bedpost, and the climber fell with a thump to the ground.

The girls turned and faced each other, pale and speechless with fear. Then Jane wailed, "For goodness sake what have we done?".

"For goodness sake what has he done?" flashed Ethel.

"Professor Goebel of all men in the world!" said Jane, "and to-morrow is composition day. The Fates be kind! But what shall we do? He may be hurt down there," and Jane glanced out into the darkness.

"We must go and see," answered Ethel with decision.

"Never in the world," protested Jane, "I'd let him die first."

"Let him die? It may amount to that if we don't hurry. He has fallen two whole stories! Come on," and Ethel grasped the arm of her friend with a force that compelled her to follow. Passing through the hall, they were careful not to attract the notice of the other girls, and managed to escape without being questioned.

Down stairs in the darkness they found the Professor half seated, half lying on the ground, and uttering groans at intervals. He spoke as they approached. "Miss Vincent and Miss Bronson, I presume," he said. "I must apologize for an intrusion, young ladies, but my old sailor instincts mastered me when I saw the rope dangling so invitingly from your window. And I will further assure you that, if you are willing to be silent about this little affair, the oh! ouch! (the Professor groaned aloud) the faculty shall not hear of it. As a proof of my good intentions," the Professor went on volubly, "there will be no recitation in French composition tomorrow. I ought not to conceal from you, however, that I am thus kind because I feel that I shall not be able to attend class myself, as I believe,—oh my arm! (again the Professor groaned) I believe my arm is broken."

"Your arm broken," chimed both girls at once, mollified by his humility and becoming suddenly sympathetic at the thought of the pain he was enduring, "can we help you?"

"I thank you, yes," said the Professor. "Besides the break in my arm, I have some quite painful bruises. My ankle—"

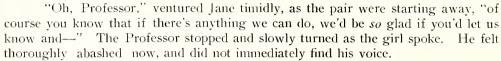
"What's doin'?" a voice interrupted, as its owner stepped into view. It was John Bronson. He had just re-

turned from the depot and had stopped at the corner of the building long enough to assure himself of the identity of the voices, when he had made his appearance upon the scene.

All that the girls knew of the situation was immediately explained to him, Ethel doing most of the talking, while the Professor kept silence.

"Well," said John with hidden mirth in his voice," can I help you to your room, Professor?"

"If you please, Bronson. I shall be grateful for a little help. Ah! ouch! take the other arm, please, that one is somewhat disabled."



"Ah," he said at length, "you are very good my—my dear Miss Bronson, indeed too good, and if you'll just pardon my—my little lecture to you last composition day, I can ask no more of you. You must excuse my rough speech, and manners, young ladies. I was for some time a sailor!"

"Oh, that was all right," Jane declared, "it was-"

"Come on Professor," John interrupted, "it's high time you were seeing the doctor," and turning obediently the Professor limped away, leaning on Bronson's arm.

The next morning a notice bearing the words:—"Prof. Goebel will not meet his class in French composition today," carried joy to many a heart. Later on the report that the Professor had broken his arm in a climbing expedition, mingled with the joy, a thrill of genuine sympathy.

TO SPENSER

By Wm. Merrell Vories, '04.



O Spenser, who didst sing in former times

The Truth, half-hid in allegoric phrase:
Still, moved with wonder in these later days,
We feel the gentle beauty of thy rimes.
With thee we fly to quaint, forgotten climes,
We pierce the dim mirage that o'er them plays,
See knightly courtiers, hear the minstrels' lays,
And listen, rev'rent, to the sacred chimes.
Thou clothest old truths in so pleasing guise
That sneering prejudice and doubt can raise
No carping negative. With glove of mail
Thou dost hypocrisy and vice assail.
Calmly thou stand'st, with Shield of Faith ablaze,—
And, smitten by its light, base Error dies.

A QUEER "HOLD-UP"

By C. H. English, '04.



E can do it dead easy."

"Don't be too sure of that. If he should recognize us and report us to the faculty it would be all up with us."

"But I tell you he won't recognize us. I've got it all planned out. We'll make a regular hold-up affair out of it; masks, gag and everything except the gun, of course. We'll waylay him in some dark street and have him down and gagged before he knows what is happening; then the rest will be easy enough. It will be a regular cinch, and three of us can do it without any trouble at all."

"By George! Puss, you would make a first rate highwayman; but I am in for the fun, and I guess Ted here won't back out. Hello! there goes the bell, and I've got to go to my Trig. exam. So-long, see you at four."

It was the last day of examination week. Ike, Ted and Puss had gathered in Ted's room to discuss a plan which had been forming in the imaginative mind of Puss and which, if carried out successfully, promised to furnish fun and excitement enough to satisfy the three boys for a long time to come.

Ike and Ted were Sophomores and Puss was a Senior, but the three boys had chummed together ever since the two underclassmen had entered College. Whenever any one of them suggested a scheme for having some fun, he was

sure to find the others ready to stand by him, and the three had many good times together. But now Puss thought he had a scheme which would make all their previous pranks look very insignificant indeed.

The intended victim was Benton Bliss, a Junior. He was a harmless individual, to be sure, but he liked to put on airs, and he had capped the climax by growing a downy moustache and a very thin beard.

Puss had disliked him from the start and had been waiting for a chance to take him down a peg. That moustache and beard suggested an idea to him, but he kept it a secret until he had carefully planned the whole thing out; then he took like and Ted into his confidence.

The plan in brief was as follows: The three boys were to hide themselves in a ditch near Benton's home, which was several blocks from the campus, on Monday night of commencement week, at which time the Juniors were to have a party. Each was to wear a black mask over his face to avoid being recognized. Ted was to seize the victim as he passed them on his way home. Puss was to gag him with a knotted handkerchief to keep him from making any noise

to alarm the neighborhood, and it was lke's duty to remove the offending moustache and beard by clipping them off with a pair of scissors. The thing seemed simple enough and the boys saw no reason why it should not work successfully. They prepared their masks and gag and waited impatiently for the time when they could use them.

The night of the party at last came around. It was a beautiful night, too beautiful for an ideal hold-up night, for the full moon was shining in a cloudless sky, lighting the quiet streets so brilliantly that objects were plainly visible several blocks away. Fortunately for the boys, some tall cottonwoods growing on the banks of the ditch in which they were hiding cut off the rays of the moon and left that side of the street in deep shadow.

The night was far advanced and no one had passed by since the boys had taken their hiding place. They were growing impatient, when Ike discovered some one over a block away riding slowly up the street on a wheel.

"That's him," he whispered excitedly to his companions; I can tell him by the way he rides."

Ike's hands were trembling so violently that no one would have taken him for a tonsorial artist; but he managed to get the scissors out of his pocket and to adjust his mask so that the holes of the eyes were where they ought to be. Puss felt a queer, fluttering sensation in the region of his heart, but he soon decided that he wasn't scared, so he took a firmer grip on the knotted handkerchief and, edging a little nearer to Ike just for company's sake, they followed Ted, who had crept out of the ditch and was making his way on his hands and knees toward the middle of the street.

"Be ready now," whispered Ted. "I'm going to dump him off his wheel and you want to be ready with that gag." The time for action had come. The rider was within a few feet of the boys. The would-be hold-ups sprang out of the shadow towards their intended victim, and Ted, with arms outstretched, leaped directly in front of the wheel, expecting to see the rider fall from it in fright and beg for mercy. Imagine the feelings of the boys when they suddenly found themselves confronted by the gleaming barrel of a revolver, while a stern voice rang out, "Hands up! every one of you, and be quick about it."

Three pairs of hands went up without delay, and the boys stood there gazing into the muzzle of the revolver and wishing they had stayed at home.

"March ahead of me down the middle of the street!" commanded the man. "Keep your hands up or I will make the moonlight shine through you!" he yelled, as Ted started to lower his hands.

This strange procession moved down the street for two or three blocks, when the man gave a shrill whistle and told the boys to stop. The moon was shining directly in his face, and for the first time the boys got a good look at their captor. Their fear was not lessened when they saw that he was a large, smooth-faced man, wearing a policeman's star on his coat.

The whistle was answered not far away, and soon another officer appeared on the run, and he stood eyeing the boys closely while their captor poured into his ears a thrilling tale of how he had been assaulted by these three masked

men, armed to the teeth, and how only his great presence of mind had saved his own life and had prevented his shooting the men down in their tracks.

They then searched the boys and failed to find anything more dangerous than a pair of scissors, but this did not seem to bother their captor. Leaving them in the care of his fellow officer, he hurried off to send for the patrol wagon. While he was gone the boys explained to the man who had charge of them, who they were and how they came to be in such a fix; but the officer merely nodded knowingly and reminded them that those stories would come up later in the trial.

Soon after the return of their captor the patrol wagon arrived and the boys jumped in and were carried at breakneck speed to the police station.

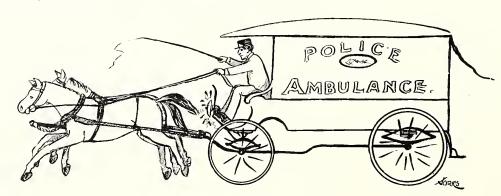
They now saw the humorous side of the affair and they had difficulty in restraining their laughter, when they were ushered into the presence of the chief of police, who first listened to the officer's story and then questioned the boys one at a time.

When he was satisfied that it was only a prank he called the three boys before him and gave them a lecture which they will probably remember for years to come. Then the officer spoke a few words to them and begged them never to try such a trick again, because they were very fortunate this time in not being shot in their tracks.

At exactly 4 a. m. they left the police station and started for home.

"Say, fellows, what if Benton should hear about this?" said Ike.

"We'll be lucky if the whole town don't hear about it," answered Puss. "I'm glad I'm going to leave tomorrow." With that the culprits separated and went to their respective rooms, but they have not yet heard the last of how they tried to hold up a policeman.



DAWN

By Donald DeWitt, '03.



The silent army of the brooding Night, Is stretched across the hills and sleepy wood. Its sentinels stand drowsy with the hours. But see! at the horizon's bending bar, There is a glint—a flash of eastern light. To arms! To arms! ve cohorts of the Night! To arms! To arms! The Host of Dawn is here! With clumsy haste the swarthy hordes of Night Fall into tine and charge upon the foe, Who come with rainbow banners tossing high, And widening flanks, and proud array of arms. As waves that buffet a great vessel's prow, And, heedless, toss themselves with maddened strength And furious hiss, against the flying hull Only to break and fall in scattered foam, So does the Darkness, with vain force, attack The marshalled legions of advancing Dawn; And in defeat is hurled athwart the sky, As winged steeds before the Autumn gale. The huddled clouds, turned traitor to the Night, Arrayed in liveries of a thousand hues, Pursue the hurrying stragglers of the foe, And Day ascends the throne of vanquished Night.

A POINT IN ETIQUETTE

By Miss Fillius, '03, and Mr. McClintock, '03



"Why don't you go home?" she said laughingly. Harry Brooks and Helen Norris had just returned from the theater, and had been standing for some time on the steps of Ticknor, talking.

"I was just wondering the same thing about you," he retorted. "You always tell me it's a girl's prerogative to do as she likes, and I knew, of course, you wanted to talk to me."

"But you must remember how we're bound by social conventions; it's your place to start first."

"You are mistaken. All the authorities will tell you that I must wait for you to go. I'm sorry to have to contradict you, but for once even you are at fault."

"Did you mention authorities? You can't tell me one of them! And I'll never believe you till you do."

"I read it in the Ladies' Home Journal only last year. The infallible Ruth Ashmore said so," he replied, after a moment's hesitation.

"I always suspected that you were a devoted reader of that paper, for your manners are so perfect. But then I can't believe you till you show it to me."

"Gad! She called that bluff," he thought. "I guess I'll have to change my tactics." Aloud he said, "Why, let me think. Where did I read it? Oh—at home last summer. I'm afraid I can't get the number, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write to Ruth Ashmore herself and show you the answer."

"Well, yes, that is a good plan; but how can I tell what you will write?"

"You can help me write it, then. Can't we do it tomorrow? After English, say."

"All right. But I'm so tired, do go."

"I can't. It's your place to."

"If you will be stubborn, let's count one, two three, and both go at once. Goodnight. I've had a lovely time."

"Goodnight. One, two, three."

The next day Helen and Harry met in one of the upstairs alcoves of the library to compose the all-important letter.

"Did you ever write to Ruth Ashmore before?" Helen asked.

"Oh, yes; often. I always begin, 'My Dear Miss Ashmore'—What shall I say next? You know you're supposed to write this letter since you're afraid to trust me."

"I'm perfectly willing to. I evolved this this morning in pedagogy:-

"'MISS ASHMORE,

"'DEAR SIR:—A young man whom I admire escorted me home from the theater last night. We both waited on the steps for the other one to go. Now, which one of us should have left first. I am very anxious to know, for I do not want him to think me ill-mannered.

"'Yours truly,
"'HELEN NORRIS.

"'Address reply to H. H. N. B., Hagerman Hall,
"'Colorado Springs,
"'Colorado.'"

"There, isn't that regular Ruth Ashmore style? What do you think of it?" "It shows the influence of the educational reformers, still I think I'll let it go."

"Thank you so much," Helen replied derisively; "your kindness overwhelms me. Then I shall send it today."

"I don't dare let you mail it alone: I'm afraid we'll have to take it to the box together."

So the important letter was mailed and for the next two weeks Brooks might have been seen every morning and afternoon lying in wait for the postman. Being well acquainted with the ways of the Hall, he preferred that the letter should fall into his hands, and not to be held up before the gaze of his curious friends. One afternoon, however, as he was hurrying up from down town to take his accustomed stand by the box, he saw to his horror Frank Adams take the mail and start for Hagerman. An unreasoning fear seized him—a presentiment of disgrace, but he walked up the steps with apparent carelessness. As he entered the hall he heard Adams, in the midst of an eager crowd, calling off in a loud voice, "Crawford, Allen."—"Here" interrupted a voice from the outskirts of the crowd, and the letter was tossed back in that direction. "Higgins"—he paused for a moment at the address of the next letter and then read slowly and impressively, "H. H. N. B." During the silence that followed Harry tried to summon his courage to claim the letter, but before he could screw it to the sticking point Higgins called out, "Hagerman Hall No Bodies! that's for all of us. Open it up, Frank."

"Don't you dare," protested Harry. "That letter doesn't belong to us, and we have no right to open it. Why not let it lie on the shelf till it's claimed. It must be for some one."

"There's no one with those initials in College," said Adams, "and it's plainly adressed to Hagerman Hall, not Hagerman building. Of course, it's for all of us—'The Hagerman Hall Noble Boys.' He started to open the envelope, when Harry, who had elbowed his way through the crowd, tried to snatch it from his hand. "No you don't," cried Higgins," as he picked him up and threw him none too gently into the corner, guarding against further trouble by sitting on him. "You're getting good all of a sudden. Are Prexy's ethicals working?"

Relieved of this interference, Adams pulled the letter from the envelope and read:

"My Dear Miss Norris:"—he turned around and winked at the abject Harry, while all around were heard. "So that's his game!" "Good bluff." "I'm glad he's not sick!" "H. H. N. B.—Helen Harry Norris Brooks! Congratulations, old man! Let's hear the rest of it."

As soon as he could make himself heard Adams began again.

"My Dear Miss Norris:—It is customary for any well-bred young lady to take the initiative in any circumstance such as you describe. If you are ever again in doubt in matters of etiquette, do not hesitate to ask my advice.

"Very sincerely,
"Ruth Ashmore."

"What was the circumstance described, old man?" asked Higgins. "Anything connected with the ceremony?"

"What ceremony—Insignia Day?" asked Brooks, who had been allowed to rise and was brushing the dust from his clothes.

"The ceremony that gave Helen Norris the right to attach Brooks to her name, of course. You ought to have let some of us know about it, at least one for a best man."

"That's so," said Adams. "But now that we have found it out, although entirely by accident, the least we can do is to send our congratulations to Miss Nor—er, that is, Mrs. Brooks." This plan was joyously hailed, and in spite of Harry's protests, the crowd adjourned to one of the upstairs rooms and composed the note.

"Dear Miss Norris: We must ask your forgiveness for the tardiness of this note, but Brooks, in his bashfulness, postponed telling us of the important event until today. Late though it is, we trust you will accept our sincere and heartfelt congratulations. Brooks is a fine follow, and with Ruth Ashmore as your guide you surely will be happy.

"Your sincere friends,

"THE FELLOWS.

"To Helen Harry Norris Brooks, "Ticknor Hall."

The next morning Harry haunted the library and the chapel doors to see Miss Norris, and explain if possible, but all in vain, for no Miss Norris appeared. That evening, grown desperate, he called for her at Ticknor, only to be told that she begged to be excused. Day after day she carefully avoided him, until he decided that in her eyes his sins were too black for forgiveness, and gave up in despair all hopes of an explanation.

One charming afternoon Frank Adams came into his room, and after a few desultory remarks about the baseball team and the next dance, he said with assumed nonchalance: "Let's take a walk. This is such a swell afternoon that it's a shame to stay in your room." Harry good-naturedly got his hat and started off with his friend.

"Where shall we go?" he asked, as they went out of the hall door. Frank glanced around carelessly and then remarked:

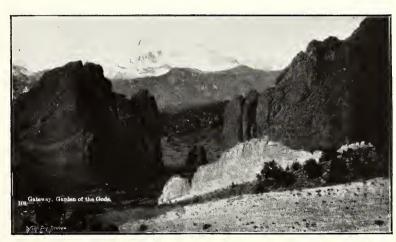
"Let's go to the Mesa. It's handy."

Fifteen minutes later as they were walking rapidly along the top of the mesa they came suddenly and without warning upon Helen Norris and her friend, Kate Smith.

"Oh, Miss Smith!" exclaimed Frank. "I've been trying to see you for two or three days. I want to ask you something." Kate and Frank sauntered off together, and for the first time in weeks Harry and Helen met face to face. For some minutes Harry stood looking at the mountains as if he had never heard of them before. Finally he said, apparently addressing the peak, "It is customary for any well-bred young lady to take the initiative."

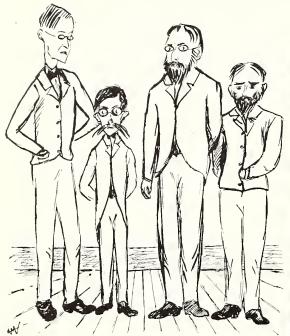
"But the conditions aren't the same," replied Helen to the town below her. Then she suddenly turned to Harry and said, "Let's count one, two, three, and both make up."

"It's a go," he answered. "One, two, three."



GATEWAY TO GARDEN OF THE GODS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.—(Continued from Page 19)



QUARTETTE: Patty Pattison, Jakey Noyes, Whiskers Loud, Bosco Stark.

I. Prologue: (Tune the Aged Bovine Succumbed to.)

Come everyone and ye shall know The grandness of our little show. Although Vaudeville in character, That need not in the least deter The crowd's delight. Our little stunts Prove that there's not a single dunce In all our aggregation swell,—Not one but does his acting well. Each member of our company Produces here his specialty.—Now, by your leave, fair audience, We bid the comedy commence.

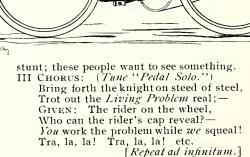
(Exeunt.)



II. Announcer: (in meausured monotones.)
Ladies-and-gen-tle-men, it becomes my privilege to introduce to you our first performer, who will execute the startling walking feet of covering ten miles without leaving the room! This is a problem in practical economics, and I might say—

CLOWN: (Smile Stimulator.)

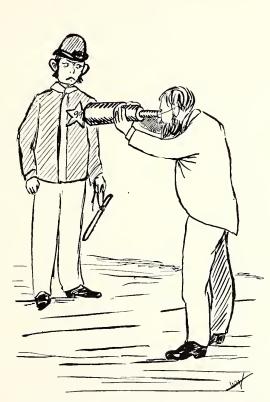
Say, ring him off, and hurry up to my



Announcer: (From behind the scenes-excitedly.)

Here! cut that out! The Astute Astronomer's Turn is next. Give him a show!—

[Chorus breaks off, lowers its key a peg or two, and begins feeling for next tone. The Astute Astronomer is with difficulty persuaded to appear.



IV. CHORUS: (Tune" Stars of the Summer Night.")

See how the Prof. doth stare There in the evening air; On the (k)night's bosom fair, He sees a brand new star!

Refrain:

He-e-e-e-e, sees, He sees! A-brand-new-star!



V. SMILE STIMULATOR: Clown: [Executing thirteen and a half handsprings each direction, and pausing between each set to note effect upon audience.] (Aside) At last! I get a chance! (To audience) That star gazer should have focused on me; it would have been meteor than looking at a cop. Next time we'll planet that way.



But I see his anger is aroused by these personalities—just excuse me a moment while I endeavor to *comet*. [Exit, laughing fit to joke at his own choke.]

VI. Announcer: (In same monotonous monotones as before.)

Before the clown gets back, let me call your attention to a bit of *charade* which will be presented by our FOSSII, FIEND.

The scene represents a certain Savant on a recent geological survey of the Inferno, under the direction of His Royal Nibs.

The audience is given three *tries* in which to guess the actor.

[At this point the confused sounds of many animals issue from behind the scenes.

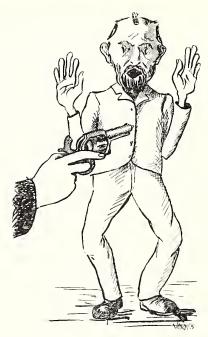
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Bell Animalculi, the croaking of frogs, and Benign Bugologist enters.)

VII. CHORUS: (Tune "Sweet and Low.")

Puff and blow, puff and blow! Blow the Euphoneum! Blow, blow! puff and blow! Monkey will beat the drum. Music will soften the savagest breast, Calming fierce animal ragings to rest, So you can study some On your ancestry, that great theory Bum!



VIII. ANNOUNCER: (See parenthesis to VI). We now pre, ent the one tragic scene in Conspicuous among these is the ringing of our performance, entitled A Test of Nerve or Cooling Down. For the benefit of the chilthe blasts of a Bass Horn tuning up.] (The dren in the andience, I might elucidate the episode by stipulating that "Every psychosis has its neurosis."

> CLOWN: (In sober tones): Er—owing to the fact that the Announcer has tired his voice, and as I am assistant manager of this show, and as the manager is busy behind the scenes, it becomes m-me-that is I will announce that our program will conclude with a solo by our Sonorous Songster, the whole works Ouartette, Citizens, Stage hands, and myself, joining in the chorus. The tune is "Yes-ter-day."



IX. Sonorous Songster:

Ahem! Yes, now, one, two, three! Day before this was Yes-terday (1/2 tone sharp.) Day after this to-morrow; (1 tone sharp.) Had I a pile of coin to-day, (11/2 tones sharp.) I should not have to borrow. (2 tones sharp.) CHORUS: (with assistants endeavoring to outhowl the soloist.)

Thus we go the whole year round, Nowhere can a show be found, Which can give more varied sights Through a stand of ninety nights. Something doing all the time, While the light man SHEDDS the lime Lights upon us. But 'tis quite Time to close:—So here's Good Night! -Ah-Yes!

(Curtain.)

A GAME OF BASEBALL BETWEEN COLORADO COLLEGE AND BOULDER, CONDUCTED ON THE ALPHONSE-GASTON SYSTEM (SLIGHTLY ALTERED)

7

Time and Place—May 24, 1902. Washurn Field.

Principal Actors:

Alphonse Packard S. S. Packard

Gaston Glaze Ralph Glaze

Timekeepers—B'Ware Wasley and B'Gad Williams.

Supes, Soldiers, Etc.

Boulder Baseball Team and Colorado College Team.

Alphonse Packard and Gaston Glaze enter the field arm in arm amid the plaudits of the Multitude.

Alphonse Packard. "My dear Gaston Glaze, the day is very propitious for a game; even the Gods have favored us." Gaston Glaze. "It is so, my dear Alphonse, but who is you plebeian looking man?"

Alphonse Packard. "It is the umpire, my dear Gaston, but mind him not; and by the way, as this game is so important (Colorado College has not lost to Boulder on its home grounds since the memory of man)—allow me, my dear Gaston, to present the game to you."

Gaston Glaze. "I will not take a game from dear C. C. that way, my dear Alphonse."

Alphonse Packard. "But you must, my dear Gaston. We love dear old Boulder so much."

Gaston Glaze. "But I cannot, my dear Alphonse, I hate dear C. C. so intensely."

Alphonse Packard. "I implore you to take the game, my dear Gaston; it will promote our good feeling with Boulder."

Gaston Glaze. "But, my dear Alphonse, it is impossible, I will swat the umpire first."

Alphonse Packard. "Swat him by all means, but take the game, my dear Gaston."

(Gaston swats. Timekeepers are visibly excited, but compromise by worried looks. Pandemonium breaks loose in the Grandstand. Cries are heard, "Put him off!" "Rowdy Ball," etc.

Alphonse Packard. "Now, my dear Gaston, I will weep if you don't take the game."

Gaston Glaze. "Ah, my dear Alphonse, to save you from grief I will accept."

(Fall on each other's necks weeping tears of joy. Fans and rooters file out the gate saying, "Is this baseball or Parlor Ping Pong?")

Gaston Glasc. "They do not appreciate our efforts, my dear Alphonse."

Alphonse Packard. "Alas, no! Hear the vulgar ones! they are even yelling. But they are the unconverted Barbarians and do not live on the higher plane on which most of us do. Yet a few exhibitions like this will finish them, my dear Gaston."

Gaston Glaze. "I should say it would."

(Exeunt Omnes.)



The other day I saw so strange a bonnet That, quite amazed, I sat me down upon it To write some jingling verse or stately sonnet. I do not mean, now, mind you, I'm explaining, That on the hat I sat me down, remaining While from the Muse the inspiration gaining; But on a chair I sat me down, with pencil— ('Tis true, I might have used a pen; but when will A pen become so useful a utensil?) Nor do I mean that on the hat the writing Should be inscribed; for graphite in uniting With millinery foliage might be blighting. It was on sweetly scented, ink-lined paper I sat me down beside my burning taper To execute for you this rhythmic caper. But now I see again I've blurred my meaning, As if upon the *inclined* paper I'd been leaning:— I seem possessed my purpose to keep screening! I sat me down, as I have just been saving, My plans for rhythmic lines minutely laying, And all my verbous store-house nicely weighing. ←I started out to write about a bonnet That had a wound'rous jungle growing on it; But now I find I really haven't done it!

ENVOY

Once criticisms scarcely beatific Were hurled at me for being un-specific; This time I hope for comments more pacific.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

DEAR SANTA CLAUS-

Mamma has just told me that you must be awful busy and if I wasn't good you wouldn't give me anything. So I thought I would write and tell you what I want, because it is only eight months till Christmas. I send you a list of some of my friends and tell you what would be nice for them.

With love. 'o6.

A special bulletin board for Ritchie.

A yarn which Dr. Lancaster won't swallow.

A "peacherino" for Williams.

A gold plated key chain for Ted.

Phonograph for Collins to tell his yarns to. (Coz no one else will listen).

A good sense of humor for Cragin.

A nice motherly girl for Leighton.

A chance for Gardner to distinguish himself.

Some brains for Work to suit Urdahl.

Poetry (not the Deacon's doggerel) for Miss Smeigh.

The necessities of intellect for the Deacon.

A r-r-r-eal nice girl for Jesse.

The ability to take nice hints for McC.

Pleasant expression for Hall.

Something which will please Miss Carter.

Something easy for the Annual Board.

A pair of scales for Miss Clara Hall.

Something for Hester to smile about again.

Something else than mathematical genius for L. C. Roberts.

A retaining band for Wallrich's head. Something *real* sporty for Killough to do. Longer legs for Wasley.* *One* good joke for Vories. Something quite *English* for Tincombe Something to make Dan Sherer swear. Something to stir Bent's passiveness.

A Welch rarebit for Jap.

\$1,000,000.00 for Prexie.

A jumping jack for Shaw.

LOVE for Loud.

Some new way of advertising Princeton for DeWitt.

Constancy in co-ed. matters for Churchill.

Appreciation for Nead.

Something for Ike.

A shave* for Bale.

A new grunt for Hogg. A cat for Johnny Bull. Ginger for Horn.



THE EQUINOXIAL STORMS

Ι.

Flung out to greet the morning breeze, High towering over roofs and trees, Upon the flag-staff's dizzy height It floated in the dawning light—

The flag of Naughty-Six.
O glorious emblem of a class
As green as is the spring-sprung grass,
And yet with reputation white—
Since they have never lost a fight—

O flag of Naughty-Six! As thou didst proudly wave on high, Despite the Soph-mores' futile "try", From early morn till night drew on And Junior-allies brought thee down,

Wave ever! Naughty-Six!

II.

'Twas on the morn of March eleventh, (Just four short days after the seventh), That in the dim, uncertain light, I saw a strange and savage sight
Which made my blood run cold.

Around the flag-pole (though 'twas chill) On which they'd pasted up a bill Which aimed to squelch the Freshmen class, The Soph'more girls kept watch, *en masse*,

With threat ning mein, and bold. A Freshman delegation, fair, Approached with firm, determined air. Attack was met with stern rebuff, The thing became a little rough,

And foes began to mix.
Ah! never was a stranger scene!
Perplexed, I cried: "What does this mean?"
Was it a scene from Dante's Hades?
No; just a scrap between the ladies
Of Naughty-Five and -Six.



ELECTIFE

(Apologies to Rudyard K.)

Put me in a cab quick, and my luggage up the spout For things are going crosswise—the Dean and I are out; Looking over "electives", I thought I found a snap, But now I've flunked so often, I hardly care a rap; We quarreled over Latin, I thought he was a brute, The way he soaked it to me because I flunked—oh, shoot!

My Greek was quite deficient, he hoped I'd take a brace, What do I care for Homer or a guy that hails from Thrace? So put me in a cab quick, my suit-case up the spout, For the Dean is unrelenting and I'm either in or out! But I leave a girl behind me, and a bill or more down town, So I guess I'd better face it, and leave in—cap and gown.

-R. I. P.

MR. TOOLEY ON A CERTAIN PHASE OF COLLEGE LIFE



"Oi see be th' pa-apers," said Mr. Tooley, who had just come west, in front of Coburn Library one day, when the Annual Board was trying to fill space, "that the ginerous though often mishunderstood collidges have a new pr-roblim befare thim for considheration."

"Phwat may that be?" said Mr. Finnissv.

"Shure and Oi hear that it do be har-rd for thim to see onny diff'rince bechune some iv their profissors an' the Frishtmen," answered the ready-made philosopher. "Whin Oi came here to take a coorse in Ingineering, Oi wus moighty lonesome like an' wan day Oi saw a yungshter comin' from Hagerman to the Loibrary, wid a book under his arm, lookin' about as lonesome as Oi filt. So Oi sez, 'Maybe,' sez Oi, 'ye've not bin away from yir mother no longer thin Oi,' sez Oi, 'an maybe ye be as lonesome as me.' Well ye know, Finnissy, thot mon turned as rid as Flannigan's undhershirt an' actid as if he wus the Prisidint of the whole shebang. Be jabers, Finnissy, he swelled up as if he had more gass in him thin onything else, and he sez, sez he, 'If you plaze,' he sez, 'Oi'm not a Frishtman,' sez he. 'Phwat the divil are ye?' Oi asked, 'a kindhergarten kid?' an' be Judas, Finnissy, he began spalin' off Tinnyson an' all the ould byes that Father Killy talks about in Lint. Oi sez, 'Hould on, or Oi'll quit the counthry,' sez Oi, 'but Oi won't take no abuse like thot!' Sor-r, Oi nivir was so abused in my loife; the oidea of a youngsther loike him sayin' thim things to wan who was ould enough to be his dad. Will, Finnissy, Oi asked wan of thim byes what was wearin' a rig'lar mor-rter board loike Pat Murphy used to build my chimbley with, 'who the divil that young 'un was an' he sez, sez he, 'Whoy, he's a profissor.' Be ould St. Pathrick, Finnissy, Oi say, if these collidges can't git profissors that are ould enough to vote, they had better shtart to teachin' how to grow whiskers in a noight! But thin, there is wan redamin' thing about the youngster, he's Oirish."

"How do ye make that?" asked the guileless Finnissy.

"Be his name," said Mr. Tooley. "It's Pathrickson."

"EX PRIMO AD FINEM"

1

Once there was a verdant Freshie,
Green as grass and greener too,
Not a thing in earth or ocean
Ever had so green a hue.
One day, while out walking,
Through a field he chanced to pass,
And a brindled cow devoured him,
Thinking he was only grass.
Now the Freshie is in Heaven,
Vacant are two places now,—
In the class there is no Freshman,
In the field there is no cow!

Once there was a wise young Sophie,
Thought of course he knew it all,
Till at last he learned his error,
When he went to Ticknor Hall.
Once he thought he'd go a-calling,
On a certain damsel fair,
Pictured in his mind the welcome,
Which was waiting for him there.
Now the Sophie's in Pueblo,—
Who could help but go insane?
For the maiden fair was heartless,
And the Sophie had no brain!

Once there was a jolly Junior,
Cared no more for school and books,
Spent his time in learning fashions,
Sought to beautify his looks.
Once he donned his new Tuxedo,
To the "Junior Prom" he went,
But on "ego", not on "loco".
Were his eager thoughts intent.
Now the Junior is in prison,
Sheriff found him all alone,
Trying to extract the mirror
From a window on Tejon!

Once there was a stately Senior,
Gerschwollen mit conceit und pride,
Looked in scorn on all creation,
E'en refused a "horse" to ride.
Once he bought an automobile,
Tried his powers as "chaffeur",
But forgot the art of steering,
During an "affair de coeur".
Now the Senior's at Saint Francis,
In the operating room,
Where they demonstrate the folly
Of pride, taken with a "spoon"!
—Naughty-Thrce.

AN EVENING AT TAMM'S

?

Hogg—Mr. Tamm, I see you're looking as prosperous and Dutch as ever. You must be making money off us collegers.

Tamm—Ach! Gott! No! Why, I'm losing money here. You college fellows stole a dozen spoons last month! Yes, sir; just walked right off with them.

Hogg—I bet you pawned them and want that for an excuse. But I want to use your telephone.

Tamm—I charge \$5.00 a minute for it.

Hogg—Charge it to the Deacon. Hello Central—Give me 183 Black..... Hello, Leighton—coming to board meeting? No? Why not?—Tired? Well, you are not any more so than you make me!—You seem to believe in absent treatment in board meetings—Sick? I reciprocate—Heard I was going to Ticknor? Who told you that?—It must have been a lyre bird.—Here, Central, keep out! Hello, who is this? What the deuce is the matter? Hello Pettibone! Where are you? Oh, Ted took you there, you say? My best regards to the young ladies. By the way, when is the show coming off?—Did I hear about Van Nostran? No, what about it?—Caught? What's that?—You don't mean it! Who was he walking with?—Miss who? I don't catch the name. Here, Central, CONFOUND YOU! Put me on that line again! Don't know it? To like to hit you! Well, then, give me—. Hello! Is Bert Williams there? Tell him I want to talk to him.—Hello! Willie, going to the dance?—No? What's up?—a date? Another peacherino I suppose.—Oh! a damsel from Kansas. Understand you won a prize at a special class card party.—Oh! I know you think you're popular, so you hadn't better deny it. Which prize did Prof. Strieby take?—Wasn't there? Ghee whiz! —Oh! Got to wait on that Kansas peacherino, you say? Well, tell me all about it when you see me; I'm a good father confessor.—So long. Hello, Central! Give me——. Hello, J. Bull; is Ike there?—Oh! across the way? I thought so. Forgot that this was his regular night. Don't you feel lonely without your wife?—Anything doing?—Dutch lunch, eh? Why, yes; I'll come down.—Hello! What the dickens? (aside) who is this? Why, bless my soul; that's Caj! Going to lecture on Physcology—who's the other one?—I believe it's Lancaster.—Guess Lanky doesn't like to trust his fragile theories to Cajori's mathematical brains.

Tamm—What Johnny is that? Hogg—That was Bull. Tamm—Oh, that Academy fellow? Hogg—You had better not say that to Johnny—Hello, Central; I want——Keeping you pretty busy, eh? Hello, is Lake there? Send him to the 'phone, please.—Hello, Lake; how are the four ghosts? Not for publication, so? Sorry! Understand you have given up the moustache idea—Oh! it tickled, did it? Ha! ha!—Who said so? Well, good day—Oh! is Reed there? Send him down. I want to talk weather.—Hello, Reed, how do you like this March weather for baseball? Punk? I should say so! Here, don't talk that way; Central might hear. Well, have you any-

thing more for publication? So long! Hello, Central! Give me—. Hello! Is Prof. Cragin there? Send him to the 'phone, please. Hello, Professor!—Did I hear the latest about Antone Roubideau? Well, no (Hogg listens to a half hour lecture on Western History. As a delivery by Providence the wires get crossed.) Hello!—Wires crossed? Who's this?—Oh, President Slocum?—Can I give you a million—what—good wishes?—Dollars? Why, man; Lazarus was a banker along side of me. I might give a quart of shoe pegs, though, to save some one's sole (soul) with. Good day.

Hello, Central! Give me Ticknor. Hello! May I speak with Dean Loomis?—No? Resting, did you say? Sorry. Goodby.



A BEAUTY SHOW.

AN "ANNUAL" STAFF BALLAD (After Charles Stuart Calverly.)

3/2

The Editor sat in his padded chair,

(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

And he scratched his head devoid of hair,

While his dog did nothing but hunt for fleas.

The Artist sat at his easel long,

(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

Which hasn't a thing to do with this song,

For the Artist was somewhat Ruskinese.

The Business Managers balanced their books, (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
They were going to Canada from their looks,
Or they might have only been trying to sneeze.

I've almost forgotten the Office Boy,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
Who dumps all I write for the hoi polloi,
And scorns to read such verses as these.

Now hark, the Editor's going to swear!
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
He met with a ballad, he can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

But ere I'm discovered I'll sing "A-men",

(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

Now this song's considered a perfect gem,

And you can interpret whatever you please.

-T. F.

ANY STUDENT TO ANY PROFESSOR



You were graduated from an institution where you were carefully nurtured in tradition. When the Freshman, in those halcyon days, proved himself to be an animal of a somewhat splenetic temperament, he was quelled with the word "tradition."

Now when you stop to consider, O Trismegistus, you are today imparting the lore begotten of your fathers, by tradition. Hence, I conclude that tradition savors ambrosially of the sublime. You are glad, moreover, that you were imbued with the best spirit of that tradition; and in your weak moments there are possibly times—while Mrs. Professor is out distributing cards, and over the tea-cup apologizing for your absent-mindedness—when you actually grow sentimental over it. And since sentimentality belies retrospection, the lines of Praed come to you:

Oh sweet were those untutored years, Their joys and pains, their hopes and fears; There was a *freshness* in them all Which we may taste, but not recall!

In my extremely youthful egotism I conceded that tradition savored of the sublime; but have you noticed that, having attained to that giddy height, you,—rather one, can take but a short step to the ridiculous?

Which brings me to the joke.

The joke, by the way, is traditional, and though it often aspires to the sublime, yet quite as often it descends to the ridiculous. When it is of the sublime a class yawns; when it is of the ridiculous a class roars: in short, when sublime it is a *joke*, when ridiculous, a *break*. Indeed, I might press my atrocious simile to distraction and say that the Parnassus of Humor has the respective peaks of the sublime and ridiculous.

This, I hear you say, reflects upon the comic perception of the average class. Well, my dear sir, the perception of that class must certainly have been influenced by the Comic Spirit when it persuaded itself into taking your course. You see, it is quite often, (for the benefit of the callow Freshman) as the catalog facetiously puts it, an elective. Thus the privilege of laughing at anything savoring of either the sublime or the ridiculous is elective.

Have you ever noticed the peculiar apprehension with which the gentlemen of your ancient and honored profession regard second-hand text-books? Indeed, I can almost anticipate your retort courteous "Invariably profusely interlinear." That, beloved Dominie, would have done credit to your old professor of Rhetoric. I see him now, austere, gray as a badger, and, consequent to a pinch of snuff, referring to the tail of a dog in his most pompous

Johnsonese as "the quadruped's caudal appendage." However, to return, in the jargon of the schools these books are supposed to be "cribbed."

If I am permitted to digress for your own sake, have you ever observed the avidity with which the classes secure these text-books? You venture the plea of economy, since 1 beg to be excused the taint of your first suspicion? Well, that is a point indeed, vet—ah, wouldn't you call it "a minor premise?"

But Heaven save the mark! Our sense of economy, most excellent precepter, is entirely subservient to our sense of humor. For instance there are times when the laughter of a class is entirely spontaneous. That is when it savored of the sublime, and its very spontaneity certainly disturbed the equanimity of your evebrows! You were puzzled?

Now it isn't so very hard, since you cannot help noticing that laughter lacks spontaneity when the class has brand new copies of the text. You are quite at sea? Well, it's very easy. Those profuse annotations are diarial, and on the margin, beneath the date, is traced in precise copy-book characters one of your defunct jokes! They savor, rather more than less, of the sublime; but I am sure the fact that they *are* preserved, and so sedulously handed down in their pristine obtuseness is a lasting compliment to your traditional sense of humor.

You are smiling? Now that's encouraging; but don't you see you are eminently human in your intuitions? The remedy, you ask? Indeed, most venerable Gamaliel, I am almost disarmed by your condescension.

In order to impart the necessary knowledge in your department, like a true gentlemanlike scholar of the good old school, you do a hugeous amount of research work, and in your leisure hour you are omnivorous in your reading of current thought. That, from a humble student point of view, is most commendable. But it is further incumbent upon your versatile, erudite genius to assimilate the latest advances in humorous thought. You have taken your Tennyson too seriously when you enter into the spirit of his

"I will bury myself in my books and the devil may pipe to his own."

That humor is progressive you will concede, but you ignore the fact that the sense of humor must also keep pace. Pardon me if I quote again, (and quotation is encouraged by your colleague in the English department) for your attitude is lamentably conducive to quotation. Cowper, in one of his most lucid intervals, wrote:

"Public hackneys in the schooling trade, Machines themselves and governed by a clock."

Time and evolution have robbed it of its venom. Still, however, your sense of humor is subliminal, and your classes show a decided weakness for second-hand text-books. You must not become embarrassed when you next meet your class, nor must you test your ability, when you are moved by the Comic Spirit, on Mrs. Professor. A steady diet in "Puck" with a dash of "Life" to lend acerbity would, I trust, rejuvinate your traditional style.

There are sundry other things I would fain discourse upon, but this is the usual length of a seminar as required

by an honored gentleman of your ilk; and being a creature of Habit, I must perforce cease. You say you likewise wrote seminars of this length? Ah, then I am also a creature of Tradition!

Hoping that, by virtue of its disconnectedness, its digressions, its recommendations in supplementary readings, this homily will not infringe upon the copyright of your favorite lecture, believe me,

Yours with traditional Humor,

"Junius."



PERVERTED PROVERBS



A man of understanding shall attain unto a snappy course.

The fear of the Dean is the beginning of knowledge.

Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets (the Science building not having been completed.)

My son, forget not my theories, but let thine heart keep my discussions on psychology in thy supra-consciousness.

Hitch your wagon to a star unless you've got the cash for an automobile.

The quality of Hagerman milk is not strained!

A little anarchy is a dangerous thing.

My son, despise not the chastening of the prof., neither be weary of his correction, for whom the prof. leveth he cusseth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Pianos are made for hymn tunes, and not hymn tunes for the pianos.

Good lessons need no bluff.

There is small choice in rotten courses.

Ask me no questions, and I'll make you no flunks.

How long, O Lord, how long? (Platt).

A day in Ticknor is better than a thousand.

Professor! spare that horse!

All the world loves a lover, but the profs. won't pass him on that plea.

Consider the members of the Senior class—how they go; they toil not, neither do they spin.

Vanity of vanities all is urbanity (with the Dean).

Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other, but the other Dean wasn't near.

Yesterday is as a thousand years when it is passed in some people's company.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Some people must have as many lives as a cat.

Many waters can not quench a Senior's love.

He kept him as the apple of his eye.—Some apples get rotten very quickly.

Death loves a shining mark.—Sharks, beware.

Come double and avoid the blush.

None but the fair can nerve the brave.

Flowers worthy of millinery.

I am rich beyond the dreams of grafters.

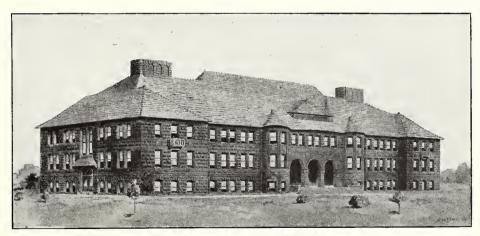
A land flowing with silk and money.

Nae mon can tether Tanın nor Ted.

My cup runneth over—foolish virgin, drink it! and don't be so wasteful.

The good die young.—This may account for the longevity of C. C. alumni.

Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto getting our degrees.



SCIENCE BUILDING.

Time, 9 15; place, Perkins' Art Room.

Dramatis Personae, Prof. T. K. U. and Junior Class.

Enter Prof. T. K. U. and closes all the windows.

Prof. U. (shuffling the cards carefully several times.) What are we going to discuss today, Mr.—, Miss Allen?

Miss Allen (confusedly.) Why-er—I think you are,—a-going to discuss, to lecture I mean, on value.

Prof. U. Well, no not exactly, I would like to get your own views on consumption if you have any. What do you mean by consumption?

Miss Allen (in sotto voice to Miss McGee. Heavens! I didn't study that.) Why, consumption is, as I understand it; consumption is (triumphantly) the correlate of production.

Prof. U. Correlate of production; what's that?

Miss Allen. What is production, you mean?

Prof. U. Well—yes, just explain all you understand by the "correlate of production"

Miss Allen. Well, its the change of goods into things through the satisfaction of wants.

Prof. U. What is?

Miss Allen (losing her buoyancy of manner.) Production. No, I don't mean production; I mean consumption.

Prof. U. How about that? Agree with Miss Allen, Work?

Work. I couldn't hear her, she spoke so softly.

Prof. U. This is a large room, and if you will all be careful to speak louder I am sure that you will confer a great favor on those sitting on the back row, as well as upon us all. Now, Miss Allen, will you repeat what you said in regard to consumption?

Miss Allen repeats her definition, gaining confidence as she does so.

Prof. U. Well, Work, agree with that definition?

Work (who by this time has collected his thoughts sufficiently to make a bluff.) Practically; but, Professor Urdell, I don't understand why our author makes a distinction between luxury and consumption. I should say they were one and the same thing.

Prof. U. What's your definition of luxury?

Work. Consumption, pure and simple.

Prof. U. Is the using of food consumption or is it luxury?

Work. Why, its consumption.

Prof U. Is it for a tramp, or a hobo?

Work. I don't know; I'm not a tramp.

Prof. U. What do you say about it, Mr. \ ories?

Mr. Vories (leaving off drawing a frontispiece for the Annual.) About ice-cream and candy?

Prof. U. Yes.

Vories. They're all right.

Prof. U. That's not the question, Vories. Mr. English, do you know what we are discussing?

English. Yes—it's consumption.

Prof. U. Consumption? Most people consider candy, ice-cream and such, luxuries.

English (feeling that now is his chance.) But they haven't studied Economics A.

Prof. U. Well, perhaps we have spent enough time discussing this question. It's a very interesting topic. I think that it is evident to all of the class that ice-cream men will alleventually go to the wall. Now what is,—Question, Ingersoll

Ingersoll (hoping to get Prof. U. to talk the rest of the hour on ice-cream, etc., his favorite subjects.) Why, I don't yet quite see in which category you would put ice-cream. I wish you would settle it in definite terms.

Prof. U. I'll be glad to discuss it with you after class, Ingersoll. What is a producer, Miss McGee?

Miss McGee (who has been holding an animated conversation with Miss Allen.) A producer?—A producer is one who puts things in their proper places.

Prof. U. Puts things in their proper places? Is that your definition of a producer, Miss Seifried?

Miss Scifried (with enthusiasm.) Yes, sir.

Prof. U. Is a manufacturer a producer?

Miss Seifried (less enthusiastically, but still confidently) Yes, sir.

Prof. U. Is a pick-pocket or a robber a producer, Hunt?

Hunt (waking up from a siesta.) No, sir.

Prof. U. He is not? Why not?

Hunt (drowsily.) He—isn't—putting things—in—their—proper places.

Prof. U. What's a bank, Gardner?

Gardner (gazing at the Science Building.) A place for the receiving of money.

Prof. U. A receptacle for money? Is that what you said?

Gardner. Yes, sir. I should say that was a bank.

Prof. U. An old stocking full of money hidden in a cellar is a bank, according to your definition.

A group of tittering girls enter half an hour late.

Prof. U. Now I should like to have the class get here on time; we have so much ground to cover that fifty minutes is quite inadequate. I may mark those absent who come in after the roll is called. So, when you are absent, please always report after class. We have wandered a little from our discussion of luxury and consumption. Let's get back. When electric light goes up to thirty cents a gallon, is that a luxury, Miss—Mr. Hogg?

Hogg. 1 think so.

Prof. U. Well, how about beer; is that a luxury?

Hogg. I am not prepared to say. (General hilarity, which relieves the tension.)

Prof. U. Well, of course, this is not a temperance meeting, nor a class of personal experiences, but an Economics class. Of course, I suppose you all know that beer, whiskey and hard cider are more or less intoxicating. (A loud laugh.) Or, at least, I suppose you have heard they are. We will not discuss consumption any longer today. I believe I asked you to find out the arguments for and against the tariff. Name a few points in favor of the tariff, Williams. Williams (briefly and to the point.) I don't think there are any arguments for it.

Prof. U (smiling.) Oh! you don't? Of course, then, I'll not ask you to give any. Well, do you think there are any arguments for the tariff, Miss Warner?

Miss Warner (giggling convulsively.) Do you want me to recite, or Miss Ella Warner?

Prof. U. Yes-you.

Miss Warner (still giggling.) I didn't understand the question, Dr. Urdahl; he—he. Would you please repeat it?

Prof. U. Well, I think I will ask some one else who does understand. Miss Lewis?

Miss Lewis. I don't know.

Prof. U. Don't know? What don't you know, the question or the answer?

Miss Lewis. The question.

Prof. U. If you did, could you answer it?

Miss Lewis. I don't know whether I could or not—probably not.

Prof. U. That's frank, at least. Miss Wolverton, I suppose you can answer the question, can't you?

Miss Wolverton explains to an awe-struck class the arguments for and against the tariff.

Prof. U. There's the bell. Next Wednesday we have a short quiz or test.

A voice from the rear. What will it cover, Professor?

Prof. U. What we didn't cover in our last quiz. I have no idea what that was. Anybody know? (Miss Jencks gives desired information, class files out disconsolately. Birchby stays to discuss the fallacies in the theory of rent.

HINGENIOUS HOBSERVATIONS



It might be of pleasing effect to have the Prof. of Geology teach Psychology and vice versa

It is not well to shoot horses on the campus when Hagerman meat supply is low.

Lights are good to prevent persons from lying in wait on the campus.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is better than Tiger Editorials for the stomach ache.

Prof. C—— ought to be good in a pantomime exhibition or in the Patent Pun Pillagers.

Platitudes on higher ideals don't fit on Washburn Field.

Key chains are nice to play with, but they hurt when they hit.

Moustaches look like cats' fur on Freshmen.

C. C. is rapidly becoming Anglicized—some Profs. don't like to celebrate even Washington's Birthday.

A Hog(g) is often a vicarious sufferer when it comes to names.

The best way to settle class scraps is to let them fight it out.

You think a burro is slow? You ought to look at the Soph. Class.

The Senior Class is rather a late time to start dancing, but "better late than never."

After discreet observations it is found advisable to handle business managements with kid gloves.

Some high ideals are as bad for baseball as a high wind.

When it comes to holding up a minister don't practice on a policeman.

It is peculiar that some Juniors think they annoy Miss Wiggin by making fools of themselves.

The way some Englishmen use a dictionary causes wonderment as to whether they are going to plagiarize it.

Psychological theories are like man (Ps. 103:15-16).

If some Cad's would leave poetry and come down to prose they would not be laughed at so much.

The proper "stunt" is to "rob Peter to pay Paul."

According to the Prof. of Goology "Crystallography is what *learns* you English."

We are somewhat surprised to find what a number of statesmen (?) there are in C. C.

The way some slim people admire large ones is amazing.

Omar Clubs are very good excuses.

Some people forget that sharks belong in the sea.

Austin's bluffs don't compare with those of History A.

Nominations are often more essential than votes.

Some Freshmen don't know beans when the bag is open—Silhouetting, for example.

It has been proven by experiment that it is a bad policy to retire early Barbecue night. (Inserted by request of the "Deacon.")

The subject of Economics may be very attractive, but we don't like the sample.

HIS REASONS AGAINST



Prince — would make a decent citizen, but has an impossible accent and reputed to have nineteen wives. -Over the Teacups.

A citizen gladly I'd be,

You see,

And renounce my cannibal way—

(Oh say,

My excellent friend,

I wish you could spend

With me a summer away.

Ennui.

Escape by a summer away!)

Oh, fain would I learn to vote

By rote,

Become well read on the Trust,

Or bust.

And—must I confess?

I'd learn how to guess,

A citizen gladly I'd be,

You see.

A citizen gladly I'd be.

But I've nineteen reasons against,

Sweet nineteen reasons against,

Nineteen little, queen little,

Peer little, queer little,

Dear little reasons against.

I'd like to pronounce as you do,

"A few."

Though it really is quite "outer sight,"

A fright!

And forget for a while

My cannibal isle,

An isle where it's ninety at night,

Yes, quite

As hot as ninety at night.

I'd like to don gown and cap,

May hap

Receive a B. A. degree,

And flee

To a 'Varsity where They'd endow me a chair

In Heathen Philosophy,

Ah me,

And my Heathen Philosophy!

But I've nineteen reasons against,

Sweet nineteen reasons against,

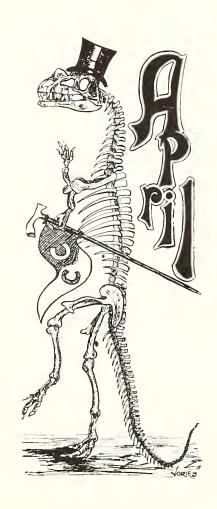
Nineteen little, queen little,

Peer little, queer little,

Dear little reasons against.

-The Prince.





- 2-Prof. Cragin Turns Up With His Dinosaur Footprints.
- 4—Nebraska Debate.
- 5-C. C. 14; D. U. 7.
- 12-C. A. C. Cultivates Onions on Washburn Field.
- 16—We Hear of a Paper by Prof. Cajori on "The Application of the Fundamental Laws of Algebra to the Multiplication of Infinite Series."
- 29—The Gods Eat at Manitou.



12—Tigers 1; Golden 2.

13—The 1904 Annual Board Meets for the First Time.

14—Contemporary Entertains.

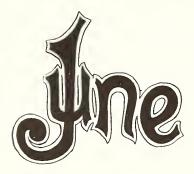
15—The 1903 Nugget Comes.

17—Fort Collins 4; Tigers 5. And we build a bonfire.

21-Mr. Brehaut Makes a Joke on the Y. W. C. A. How Cruel!

21—Philo Presents "Sunbonnets."

22—Tiger Board Banquet. (Mc. Walks Home—on dit).





- 11—Seniors 7; Faculty 4.
- The Spirit of Omar Khayyam Chaperones a Party in Cheyenne Canon.
- 14—The Bohemian Girl.
- 16—Some Tonsorial Artists Are Mistaken for Highway Robbers.
- 17—Class Day. Prof. Parsons Sits in the Rear of Chapel.
- 18—Commencement Day.
- 21—Johnny Announces——

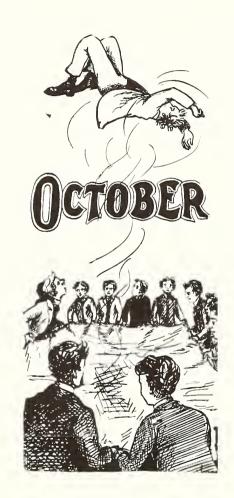


AUGUST

"Our Absent President and the One Who Journeys With Him," Return.



- 9—The Deacon Lands.
- 10—College Opens and Miss Whitehead Leaves All Frivolity at Home.
- 12—Receptions in 'Ticknor and in the "Gym."
- 14—Coburn Reception of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.
- 18—Auction in Hagerman (Deacon Goes Parading).
- 19—Informal Reception by Contemporary.
- 20—Minerva Dance.
- 25—Miss Seifried Gives a Speech in Chapel.
- 30-Vories Doggerel Appears for the First Time This Year.



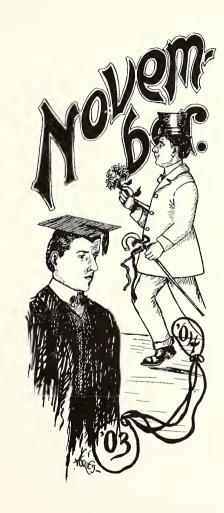
- 2—The Freshman Understanding All Right.
- 2—Prexy "Scatter'd Into Flight.

 The Stars Before Him from the Field of Night."

The Stars Before Tilli Holl the Field of Night.

11—"They Have Learned Better in Denver." Pajama Parade.

- 14—Mr. B.—Aw, I beg youah pahdon, but caan you tell me who won
- the game laast Saturday?
- 16-Eclipse (Dean Loomis Posts Special Guards).
- 20—Urdahl Gets "Quizzical." •
- 22—Miss Speaks Japanese to the Sophomores in Chapel.
- 23—"Here's to Weary Wycoff—Bum."
- 25-Misereri Nobis Domine. Boulder 12; C. C. 6.
- 26—Earnie B. Gives a Highly Colored Box Party.
- 31—Barbecue and Pumpkin Pie.



I—Adjourned Session of October 31.

6—Fort Collins 6; C. C. 29.

7—Anar-r-rrchy Prevails!

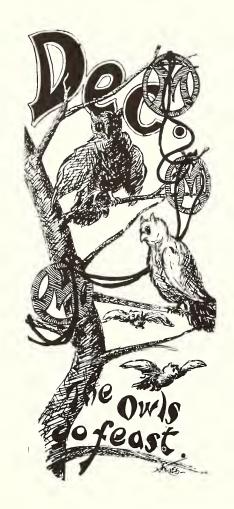
10—Juniors and Freshmen Enjoy a "Knap."

12—Insignia Day.

15—D. U. o; C. C. 6.

17—Mr. Urdahl Says That the Price of Electric Lights Will Advance 30 Cents Per Gallon.

17—Sic Transit Gloria Mundi. S. S. M. 17; C. C. o.



- 5—Apollonian—Pearson's Debate.
- 9—Hunt Sends Jesse Out Calling (Volcanic Eruption at South Hall).
- 10—The Tiger Reports (?) Debate.
- 11—Minerva Farce.
- 13—Philo Play.
- 14—Economics Examination.
- 15—The Flaming Star of Our Hope Disappears (Ritchie Shaves).
- 15—Minerva Function.
- 19—We Go Home to Mamma.



6—The Senior Men Start Moustaches.

7—Cragin Appears in a New Suit.

8—Montgomery Goes Swimming.

10-Mr. (Petit) and Miss Jencks Attend Chapel.

13—Great Scott! She Goes to Denver!

15—The Course in "Gold Mines" is Originated.

17—Lake BLUSHES!

20-Numerous Signs and Notices Appear. "The Senseless Hostility."

26—We Hibernate. Ingersoll Objects to the S. A. Ritual.

29—Two South Hall Girls Receive Skates and Candy in a Novel Way.

31—Lestrois at Home (So Are We).



- 2—"Second Half Year Begins at 8:15."
- 3—Freshmen Entertain Juniors. Play a Capital Joke. Miss Jencks Turns Vories Down Hard. Poor Vories!
- 4—U. N. 37; C. C. 11.
- 5—Oratorical Contest. Prexy Explains Riddle of the Sphinx. Brehaut Departs in Peace. We Remain in Ditto.
- 13—Ticknor Hall Dram. Club. Battle, Murder and Sudden Death.
- 14—Valentines (Not So Many As Last Year).
- 16—Cleverly's Hair Stands on End on Account of the Cold.
- 17—Cragin Atempts to Mollify Gardner's Ignorance of Mollusca.
- 21—Colonial Bawl Constarch Goes Up.
- 28—Stag Ball. Toodles Surprises the Natives.



3—The Annual Board Has a Realist.

4—Bert Wasley Gets Scared at the "Sojers."

7—Cragin Treats the Class to Ice at Gardner's Expense.

10—Seniors Break Ground for the New Dormitory.

10—The Freshmen Camp Around the Flag Pole Till Juniors Take Down the Flag. We discover that the Sophomore Class is Nil.

11—We Find a Tribe of Amazons in Our Midst.

25—Pearson's Banquet.





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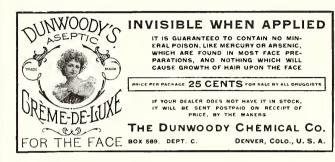
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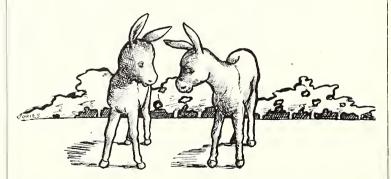
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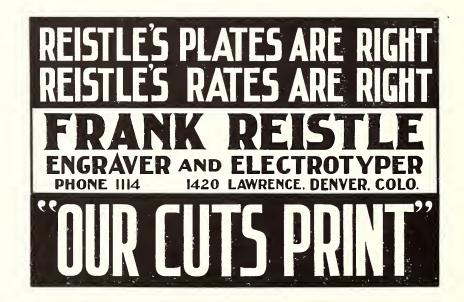


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THOSE HATS



Dear sir, dear lady, can it be
That on the great insignia day
The Juniors' hats you did not see?
Why, they were there to gaze upon,
A goodly sight for "ony mon,"
From P. D. Rice to brown-eyed John,
They sauntered down the aisle.

Some of the tiles were bright and new
And one or two a dingy brown,
Such as on ancient hall-trees grew.
The Junior girls clapped long and loud
To show the people they were proud
To see the boys before the crowd
Arrayed in gayest style.

And some were balanced on one ear,
Some tilted back with jaunty grace,
Others sedately did appear.
Some were too large and some too small,
Yea verily, and some too tall
And one had taken quite a fall,
Or travelled many miles.

So model Sophs take heed—grow wise,
Arrange a costume stunning quite
And in due time you'll take the prize.
Yes, try, although you feel, 'tis true,
You really never could outdo
Those who performed in Nineteen-Two
And won our gracious smiles.

THEPOET(?)



(With due apologies to Kipling.)

T

A Junior there was and he wrote for the "Tiger,"
(As you or I might do)
Such poetry as would make you stagger,
Though indeed he wasn't so much of a bragger
As he was a poetical carpet-bagger
(Which some of his readers knew).

II.

He wrote of Latin and wrote of Greek,
And at these he did not stop,
But if there were subjects he did not know
(And which it was clear that he never could know)
Yet he spun them off like a top.

III.

A Junior there was and he wrote quite fine,

(As you or I might do);

How to bluff in the class-room and seem to shine;

How to act when "Prexie" invites you to dine;

How to learn to discuss the parts of the spine,

(And we thought that he really knew).

IV.

O, it isn't to plug and it isn't to flunk,

That fills us with despair,

It's to read a poet who can not make verse,

(A poet who has no idea of verse)

But writes—and deems his work fair.

—"Jonathan Edwards."

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